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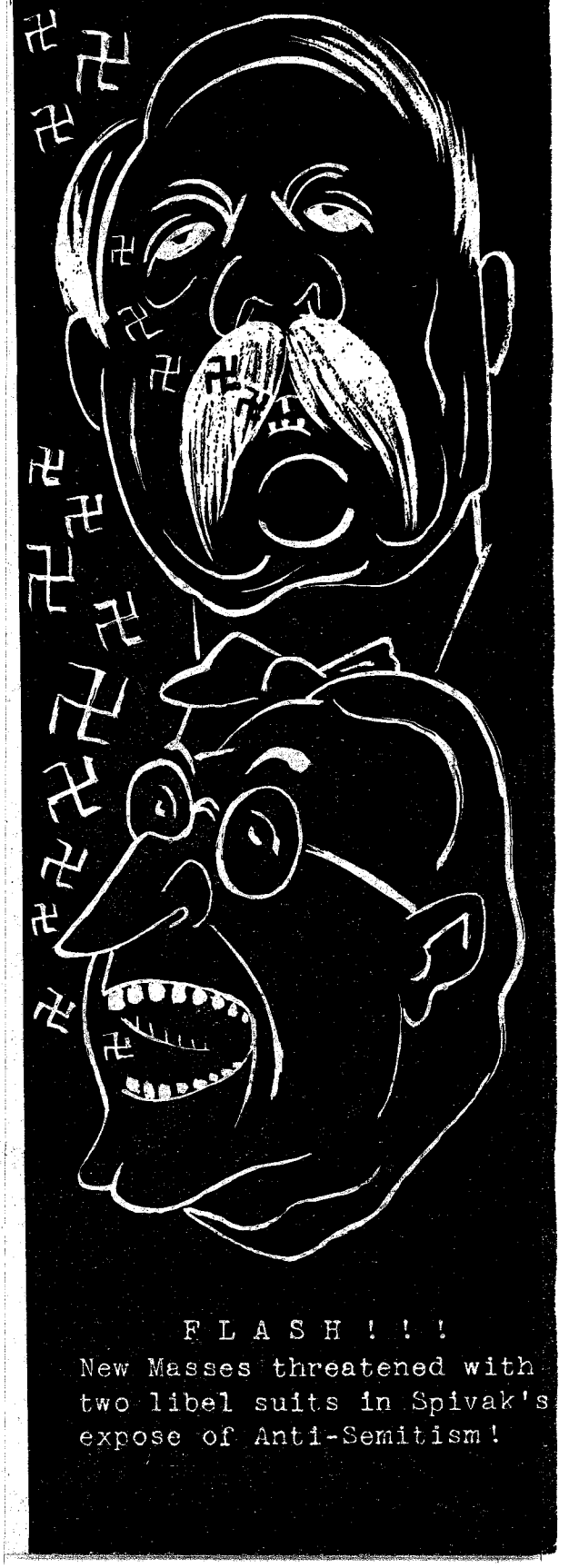

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New Masses

NOVEMBER 6, 1934

AS we go to press the New York State Hunger Marchers are hemmed in near the Capitol by machine-guns; 100 have been thrown in jail, more than 50 injured, at least four seriously. Their few pieces of equipment, blankets, canned foods, etc., have been taken from them by the authorities. Simultaneously, from Denver, Col., comes news that two striking relief workers have been shot, and an undetermined number injured when police fired thirty times and charged into the picket line. The strike had been called against a cut of 40 percent in relief wages—and for the immediate removal of a politically-ambitious State Relief Administrator, C. D. Shawver, who instituted the slashes at the very moment he was returning unexpended relief funds as "surplus" in order to create a reputation for economy. The Denver strike of FERA workers offers clear evidence on the government's attitude toward its own rulings, such as Section 7A, when its workers come into direct conflict with it. Chief of Police Clark of Denver warned striking relief workers he would break up any attempt at picketing, stating: "Government workers (i.e. scabs) who want to work will be given police protection."

"IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FUTILE TO CALL OUT THE MILITIA."—
Gov. Scholtz

THE attack on the Hunger Marchers at Albany, who were to convene for a two-day state-wide conference on relief and unemployment and to present demands to the State Administration, recalls the reception given representatives of the unemployed three years ago when they were clubbed into unconsciousness on the steps of the State Capitol by troopers acting under the orders of Franklin D. Roosevelt, then governor of New York. The present attack was planned with military precision. No sooner had the trucks of the southeastern contingent of marchers including those from New York City rolled across the bridge leading to Albany than police and state troopers, armed with machine-guns, tear gas bombs, shot guns and clubs, bottled them up helplessly on the bridge. The ambushed workers were pulled from the trucks where most of them had been sleeping, and clubbed mercilessly. The others were forcibly ejected from Rensselaer, on the other side of the Hudson River, by state troopers, deputy sheriffs and cops, and forced to start back to New York afoot. Meanwhile Governor Lehman was electioneering; telling the millions of jobless in the state what he has "done" for them at the very moment he was denying their representatives the most elementary right—the right to petition—and denying it in terms much clearer than those in his election thesis.

THE Governor has been using the proposed $40 million state bond issue for relief as a major vote-catcher. Last year $60 million was appropriated for state relief. Even the State T.E.R.A. was compelled to admit this sum was far from adequate. With rising prices, mounting unemployment, and continued depletion of reserves among jobless families, throwing thousands more into the ranks of the completely destitute daily, relief needs have risen tremendously. Yet, in the face of this fact, the Democratic state administration, working harmoniously with the Republican legislature, cuts its relief appropriation by fully one third. The proposed bond issue is intended to last, not for one year, but for fifteen months (November, 1934 to February, 1936). The full significance of this cut may be gauged by the fact that in New York City alone, the authorities have stated that at least $50 million must be raised by the municipality to carry on relief for the next year—even on the present semi-starvation level. Since the State is required to match the city's appropria-

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tion dollar for dollar (the Federal government contributes one-half, and the state and city one-quarter each), this means that the $40 million issue will not cover even the State's contribution to New York City. And the more than one million persons on the relief rolls in the metropolis constitute only one-half of the total on relief throughout the state. Thus, it will readily be seen that New York's "generous" relief bond issue represents not merely an attack on the already-low living standards of millions on relief, but an attack on their very lives. It is against such situations implicit in the relief schemes of capitalism's representatives that the Hunger Marchers protest and fight. They are bringing their own proposals to Albany, among them being: a $200 million relief appropriation to meet immediate winter needs; enactment of the Workers' State Unemployment Relief Insurance Bill pending enactment on a national scale; and passage of the Small Home Property Owners' Relief Bill.

IN the recent dismissal of Sidonia Dawson, a supervisory aide in the Home Relief Bureau, we have another revealing example of Commissioner Hodson's adherence to reaction. Recently a delegation of the Unemployment Council appeared at a Home Relief precinct to protest against inadequate relief and to demand better treatment for relief clients. While they were seated in the ante-room, a number of policemen, called in by the precinct supervisor, swarmed into the office and fell upon them with clubs, beating their leader, Barney Oster, into unconsciousness. Sidonia Dawson, who witnessed this unprovoked brutal attack, protested, and later headed a committee demanding the dismissal of the supervisor if found responsible for the assault. For this she was immediately discharged, although it was admitted that she had performed her work at the relief office competently for three years. The letter of dismissal frankly stated that she was fired for "conduct unbecoming a social worker, both in and out of this office." What was her "unbecoming conduct" in the office? Protesting against police brutality toward workers, and insisting that the workers be given the right to voice their grievances and demands. What was her "unbecoming conduct" outside the office? Miss Dawson was an active member of the social workers' union of the city, the Emergency Home Relief Employes' Association. And the New York City relief administration under Hodson has resorted to all sorts of base and contemptible tactics in its effort to prevent the further growth of this organization, in much the same manner it uses terrorism in opposing organization among relief workers.

THE remotest suggestion of Red, even of the faintest pink, throws the leaders of the Socialist Party into paroxysms of horror. This anti-Red psychosis has become especially pronounced among some of the leaders in New York. Even renegades from Communism, slanderers of the revolutionary movement drive the reactionary Socialist leaders into contortions of insane fear. Yet to any sensible student of political trends it is clear that Gitlow, Zam, Lovestone, constitute perfect material for a party of compromise and reform, for the kind of party which the reactionary leaders of the Socialist Party have been forging these many years. Indeed, when Lovestone and his followers were expelled from the Communist Party, the Marxist diagnosis of their disease was "Social Reformism" and the prognosis was that, considering the nature of the disease, the victims would tend to draw at an accelerated rate of speed back into the camp of the anti-revolutionary leaders of the Socialist Party. Scientific prognoses have a habit of being verified in life. The prodigal sons of social reformism are finally coming back to their real home, penitent, slightly abashed, but determined to be good. As proof of their honorable intentions, they go out of their way to calumniate the revolutionary proletariat, the Communist International, the Communist Party of the United States, etc. But Waldman and Oneal are not convinced. They still discern red spots in the political complexion of the penitents, and the myopic gentlemen don't realize that the red is artificial, that it is sheer make-up, camouflage, an attempt to seduce the masses who are rapidly approaching the state of revolutionary discontent.

WHILE Roosevelt was reciting the pledge of allegiance before the skittish bankers assembled at Washington, his colleagues in the Labor Conciliation bureaus required some little reassuring, too. They were laboring with the disquieting reports from another and somewhat larger section of the populace to whom Roosevelt had pledged allegiance earlier in his presidential career; not the bankers of wealth, but its producers. The workingmen of America were "threatening recovery." They were either talking strike or striking. The auto code, that prime sample of sellout, was expiring Saturday, Nov. 3. One quarter million auto workers—with some little experience of 7A — were restless. Mr. Gorman, of the United Textile Workers, admitted 300 complaints of discrimination before the Textile Labor Board; a re-strike movement of 25,000 was in the offing. Thirty thousand dyers in Paterson, N. J., displayed remarkable unity in their textile strike, conducted without benefit of Mr. Gorman. The expanding strike movement surged into new strata of workers; Cleveland was afforded the unusual spectacle of 2,000 Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company clerks marching on picket lines. A little startling too was the announcement by Mr. John A. Hartford, president of the grocery company, that his firm was moving out of Cleveland. The bad strikers were picketing the warehouses. "What else could we do?" asked Mr. Hartford. "The last week the stores weren't getting their supplies." Of course, he could have imported gunmen, he said (and had) and protected his property. But that would have meant "riot and bloodshed." So he decided to "close up and get out." He failed to mention that the A. & P. in Cleveland last year had refused to honor relief checks and had registered a sharp decline in profits. Its gross income had dropped five million dollars for the year 1933.

NEVERTHELESS, the A. & P. was struggling along with a total of $20,000,000 annually. This was about three million dollars more than the total income of all the independent groceries in the city. It is therefore quite likely, as many suspect, that Mr. Hartford is bluffing. But the strikers are not. The strike, at this writing, is spreading. In Milwaukee not only the clerks and butchers are preparing to walk out (half a dozen stores have already struck), but the truck drivers were on the picket lines. They had halted almost all greens and fruits. The Meat Cutters' Union in Milwaukee was considering calling all butchers out. In Ohio the union was preparing a convention to decide upon a state-wide walk-out. As the New Deal continues to hack away at the living standards of all sections of the population—not only the workers in steel, in lumber — but those in the lighter industries, such as these A. &

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P. clerks, the white collar workers in the offices strap on the picketer's sign, and join the army of the dissenters against hunger. With hard times staying hard, and involving greater portions of the population, we can expect the opposition to the Administration to grow from a proletarian movement to a people's movement. And that, as Lenin said in 1917, is one of the prerequisites for successful revolution.

THE THREE predatory powers now engaged in the London naval discussions, held at the invitation of the British government to pave the way for the naval conference in 1935, appear to be at loggerheads. Japan stands squarely for ultimate naval equality with Great Britain and the United States, and is threatening to denounce the Washington Naval Treaty with its "humiliating" 5-5-3 ratio. America, according to reports, maintains that "the ratio filed at Washington does give Japan equality with reference to the needs for defense in her own part of the world . . ." Britain is vacillating, though the general impression is that she leans more and more toward Japan. "Factors in the British attitudes," writes Charles A. Selden, London correspondent to the New York Times, "include her traditional pro-Japanese sympathies, her waning moral indignation over the creation of Manchukuo and the recent discovery by Australia that Japan, instead of being a menace, is the best customer for Australian wool." On the other hand, the British oil interests, together with those of America and Holland, are greatly wrought up over the projected oil monopoly in Manchukuo. Inspired by Japan, the Manchukuoan Government proposes to institute its own oil selling apparatus with a refinery at Dairen. This, the oil interests insist, presents a serious threat to the open door principle in the Far East. Also, the British Admiralty is disturbed by the new Japanese law requiring non-Japanese companies to store huge supplies of oil in Japan, which, in case of war, would certainly be subject to seizure by the Japanese navy.

WHATEVER the apparent disagreements among the three imperialist powers, one thing seems clear —Japan will compromise if she gets her price. The oil law and Manchukuo's oil monopoly are trump cards in Tokyo's hands. Another trump card, and even more important, is the threatened Japanese seizure of the Mongolian Province of Chakhor. Indications of this purpose have begun to appear in the press. Chakhor is a strategic point for aggressive action against Soviet Mongolia and the Soviet Union. Any attempt to occupy Chakhor would be tantamount to declaring war against the Soviet Union. Occupation of the Chakhor region would strengthen Japan in her haggling with Britain and the U.S.A. over the size of their respective navies. Japanese imperialists will no doubt compromise on naval parity so long as they are given a free hand in the Far East against the U.S.S.R. Hatred of the workers' and peasants' republic is common to all imperialists—British, American or Japanese. But it is not at all unlikely that the imperialist gentlemen at the London parleys may decide that the best way to resolve their antagonisms, even if temporarily, would be to permit Japan to make war against the Soviets. When brigands get together there is no telling what the results may be. The danger of war against the Soviet Union is graver now than at any time in recent months.

IN Chicago, the last days of September, a great congress consisting of 3,332 delegates was called to fight against war and Fascism. Delegates returned to their homes in Atlanta, Georgia, and called a private meeting of their organization to report on the congress. But reporting on a congress against war and Fascism is criminal insurrection in Georgia. Seven persons at the meeting were arrested and arraigned under Georgia's obsolete insurrection law. Six others were arrested on the same charge for possessing literature of the International Workers Order, a fraternal insurance organization. Private homes were raided to carry out the arrests in both cases. The Atlanta chief of police personally supervised the raids. Three Negro workers without any connection with the I.W.O., or with the revolutionary movement, were taken in the dragnet that swept through the boarding house of Mr. Moreland, president of the I.W.O branch in Atlanta. Bail has been refused under the law, which provides for the death penalty. The Atlanta press calls the arrests a "valiant attempt to rid Georgia of Communism." The law under which this infamous violation of civil rights was carried out is the same "black rebellion" statute under which Angelo Herndon, now out under $15,000 bail,

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MICHAEL GOLD, GRANVILLE HICKS, JOSHUA KUNITZ, HERMAN MICHELSON, JOSEPH NORTH, ASHLEY PETTIS, WILLIAM RANDORF.
WILLIAM BROWDER, *Business Manager.*

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was condemned to 18 to 20 years on the chain-gang. The International Workers Order has mobilized its 1,000 branches and 45,000 members behind the defense, which will be led by the International Labor Defense. This latest Georgia outrage follows immediately after the treacherous attempt of Samuel Leibowitz to split the mass defense of the Scottsboro boys. It indicates the belief of Southern ruling class officials that Leibowitz has injured the solidarity of white and Negro workers in the North and South. They have chosen this moment to strike harder blows, to whip up a general hysteria against the Negro masses and class-conscious white workers alike. The same psychology leads to the systematic torture of the Scottsboro boys in Kilby prison. The answer must be to strengthen the counter-drive, to mass all support behind the I.L.D., to carry the case of Clarence Norris and Heywood Patterson, two of the boys scheduled to be executed Dec. 7, before the Supreme Court with all possible legal resources and upsurge in mass protest. These are days that test the fidelity of the Scottsboro - Herndon fighters and sympathizers. They call for redoubled efforts and new financial sacrifices from everyone interested in the cases.

GOVERNOR Dave Sholtz of Florida was coming back from the Legion convention in Miami. There had been farewell festivities. He stopped off at Arcadia, on the way home. In Arcadia he was notified that a mob had taken Claude Neal, Negro, from Sheriff Byrne at Brewton, Ala., early that day. They had tortured an alleged confession out of him. Announcements of a lynching to take place that night appeared in Marianna, Fla., papers and were spread by word of mouth. There was time to act. Neal was held in the woods. The "party" at Marianna was growing and waiting. They would take him to the home of George Cannidy, in Greenwood, the father of a girl who had been murdered. He "wanted the first shot," they said. . . . Gov. Sholtz waited until it was too late, then said, "Under existing circumstances, it would have been futile to call out the militia." Attorney - General Cummings was also appealed to in time. The crime violated the Federal kidnaping law. But Cummings replied that the Department had "decided there was no basis for Federal action." So, in the woods, on the river bank, fearful of holding the "party" after all, a select gang of the mob took Claude Neal's life. W. W. Alexander, Executive Director of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, in a telegram to the President demanding punishment of the lynchers, stated that this was the fortieth lynching of its kind in twelve years in Florida. This most brutal of recent cases has proved conclusively that State officials will never prevent lynching. So have always declared the International Labor Defense and the League of Struggle for Negro Rights. Lynching is a class war crime. It depends on the fostered bitterness between poor whites and blacks, which strengthens the hands of their masters. The League has proposed a Federal law with teeth in it—the Bill of Civil Rights for Negro People. Repeated marches to Washington have failed to get the bill introduced. Its passage will require the united alliance of a disgusted and revolted middle-class with the workers. The tragic drama of Marianna should be made a historic issue to smash lynching.

"A DOLLAR for the Red Cross?" What conscientious worker or intellectual could refuse to make this annual contribution for the relief of victims of drought, earthquake, flood, and famine? Certainly, he wants to help. But what becomes of his dollar? It is placed in Morgan controlled banks, it is invested in interests presided over by the members of its own board of incorporators. Nearly two-thirds goes for salaries and expenses. Millions are set aside in a war reserve fund. Millions contributed for hungry children in Europe were used against the workers' and peasants' government of Russia. The Red Cross functions as an adjunct of the United States War Department. Its humanitarian nurses take the Oath of Allegiance administered to the fighting forces. It is completely controlled by a self-perpetuating board composed largely of bankers and military men. The Red Cross is a first-rate strike-breaking agency. Such is the picture, in brief, painted by John L. Spivak in the November issue of the American Mercury. What role does the Red Cross play in war? Its director, Judge Payne, boasts that in three days the Red Cross could have 10,000 nurses mobilized for war service. The tender-minded may object that if there is to be war, then it is well that such an organization as the Red Cross exist for the care of the wounded. But Spivak shows that the organization of the International Red Cross resulted from the very fact that war would be unthinkable without it. The Red Cross is really a war-aiding agency. Is it possible for bankers to handle millions of dollars of Red Cross or any other money without profiting by it in some way, or making it an adjunct of the War Department? Workers and intellectuals alike must not be fooled by these agencies, by their sentimental appeals for funds. Mr. Spivak and the editors of the Mercury ask for a Congressional investigation of the Red Cross, since it is chartered by an act of Congress. We heartily favor such an investigation—but we know that at the most it will reveal a few more unsavory details, as in the investigations of the private bankers and the munition makers. In the meantime, what about that dollar? The International Labor Defense needs money in its fight for the Scottsboro boys. The Workers' International Relief needs funds for strike and other relief. Many other organizations woefully need money for the purposes of the class-struggle. A dollar for the Red Cross is a dollar for the maintenance of capitalism. A dollar for militant working-class organizations is a contribution towards the classless society.

THE 1934 convention of the American Legion at Miami, Florida, has come and gone. The delegates looked out upon an America ravaged by unemployment and wage-cuts—faced by the ending of Federal relief—a starvation outlook for all but the banks and big corporations, which are getting billions. To cope with the fifth year of the crisis, Roosevelt offers new refinements of slave morality. The states call out the National Guard. Employers resort to hoodlum rule. Fascism raises its head in a thousand forms. War is seething on many frontiers . . . Here was a "state of the nation" calling for real work by a body which claims to be the "guardian of public welfare." What did the Legion actually do? It affirmed its "political neutrality"; it opposed clemency for Grover Cleveland Bergdoll; it urged its members to use their influence to "clean up" the movies; it "referred to its Americanism committee" proposed legislation on old-age pensions, unemployment insurance and reduction in work hours. It gave lip-support to the proposed constitutional amendment to prohibit child labor. . . . The one tremendous surprise to the leaders and the Administration was the passage, by an

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"AND IF I AM ELECTED, I PROMISE YOU—"

Limbach

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overwhelming majority of 987 to 183, of the demand for the payment of adjusted compensation certificates—the bonus—with cancellation of accrued interest, and a refund of interest on funds already borrowed by veterans. Thus did the rank and file revolt at last and smash through the hypocrisy of Legion leaders, who tried in every way to prevent the passage of the resolution—which would bring some relief to the families of destitute veterans.

BUT there was another side to the convention's activities. It called on the Administration to rescind the recognition of the U.S.S.R. It demanded stricter national legislation for the control and deportation of aliens. It recommended that radical publications containing "subversive propaganda" be denied the use of the mails. It favored the denial of political rights to the Communist Party in every state (in spite of the affirmation of "political neutrality" previously mentioned). It opposed the granting of home loans and farm loans to non-citizens. It listened to the balderdash of H. C. Fremming, president of the Oil Field, Gas Well and Petroleum Workers of America, who personally represented William Green, and assured the Legion convention that the A. F. of L. felt a community of interest with them and would work hand in hand "to stem the rising tide of Communism and all other isms." And finally it went on record for a "Universal Service Law," which is a measure of preparation for war and a step toward Fascism. These reactionary resolutions were passed because the rank-and-file, though it broke with the leadership on the bonus, still accepts the leadership in its politics; and the ruling group of the Legion is the spearhead of American Fascism. The newly elected national commander, Frank N. Belgrano, is a San Francisco insurance president. He is said to "bear a strong resemblance to Mussolini."

The Week's Papers

WEDNESDAY, October 24.—Supreme Court of District of Columbia holds railroad pension law, affecting 200,000 workers, unconstitutional and "confiscatory"; railroad stock prices immediately rise. . . . United States and Great Britain unite to fight Manchukuo oil monopoly as barring American producers in favor of Japanese in world oil profits fight. . . . 30,000 silk and rayon dyers in New Jersey and New York begin strike. . . . Grain deliveries in U.S.S.R. to State reported to be 97.8 percent fulfilled, exceeding last year's by 60,000,000 bushels. . . . Retail Dry Goods Association favors unemployment insurance in "principle" but warns against "penalizing" employers. . . . Red Cross reports on its activities for year, but fails to meet John L. Spivak's charges in American Mercury under title *Shady Doings in the American Red Cross.*

Thursday—American Legion convention at Miami votes, 987 to 183, for immediate payment of bonus; also asks denial of all political rights to Communist Party throughout United States. . . . Donald Richberg decries inflation fears, says currency is sounder than in twenty years. . . . Fascists in Austria battle Catholics in two cities. . . . Mayor LaGuardia denies hearing to 150 City College of New York students demanding ousting of their reactionary President, Frederick B. Robinson. . . . Professional New York models open war of retaliation on debutantes who take their jobs. Senator Byrd asks Roosevelt to "correct conditions" at old Point Comfort, Va., where Hotel New Chamberlin, standing on Federal site, advertises Jews are unwelcome. . . . Fourteen workers arrested in Pacific Coast longshoremen's strike were deported, Secretary Perkins reports.

Friday.—Postmaster General Farley acquits Roosevelt of charge of being dictator. . . . Claude Neal, Negro, taken from Alabama jail to Marianna, Fla., by Florida mob, tortured and lynched "as advertised" twelve hours in advance, while officials refuse to act. . . . Soviet gold mines expected to produce $150,000,000 this year. . . . Paterson dye plants shut by pickets. . . . Francis Gorman, United Textile Workers head, expresses fears that the rank and file sentiment means a textile re-strike.

Saturday.—Roosevelt and Attorney-General Cummings, asked to act in Neal kidnaping and lynching, do nothing. . . . Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company closes its 428 grocery stores in Cleveland rather than recognize workers' right to unionize. . . . King of Siam, upset because his right to pardon condemned persons is abrogated, threatens to abdicate. . . . Farley blames "dumb stenographer" for sending out letter endorsing Upton Sinclair.

Sunday.—I.L.D. again demands Federal action in Neal lynching. . . . Federal Emergency Relief Administration will buy 100,000 bushels of potatoes in Long Island to distribute to New York needy "to help needy farmers." . . . William Green, A.F. of L. head, says unemployment is rising. . . . Father Coughlin, back on the air, attacks Liberty League as "mouthpiece of the bankers."

Monday.— A. & P. strike spreads to its stores in Milwaukee as National Labor Relations Board calls for one of those conferences. . . . Public Works Administration asks $12 billion fund for five year public works program "to end large-scale relief expenditures." . . . Average public works "wages" recently were $10 weekly, Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins admits. . . . Mussolini supervises some of the military officials starting to train all Italian males between ages of 8 and 33 in drills and use of arms. . . . Huge street demonstrations of protest held in Dublin as President De Valera receives Hitler's new minister, Wilhelm von Kuhlmann. . . . Britain and U. S. expect no success in their efforts to get Japan to give up her demand for naval equality. . . . Notorious "Protocols of Zion" forged by Czarist agents, Swiss Nazi trial reveals.

Tuesday.—Albany police club, jail New York hunger marchers seeking to enter Albany to demand relief. . . . DuPonts contributed $432,000 in past 15 years to campaign funds and "gifts," mainly to Republicans. . . . At least two workers shot, scores hurt when police fire on picket line of Denver relief strikers. . . . French Army ready to "act" in Saar basin "to prevent Nazi putsch" in coming plebescite. Government report shows American shipowners underpay, overwork crews, even on ships operating under mail subsidies.

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Plotting the American Pogroms

6. Anti-Semitic Duet: Easley and Viereck

JOHN L. SPIVAK

THE long arm of Nazi anti-semitic propaganda in this country works cunningly through hidden hands. I have already uncovered some of these mysterious underground sources for nurturing hatred of the Jew. Now I shall present evidence that the prominent one hundred and twenty percent "patriot," Ralph M. Easley, chairman of the Executive Council of the National Civic Federation, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City, has secretly distributed anti-semitic propaganda as well as reported confidentially to George Sylvester Viereck, paid Nazi agent, on the efforts of the "patriot" to stop the Jewish boycott of German goods—an act which, if successful, would be of incalculable service to Nazi Germany.

The National Civic Federation is the largest and most influential of the "patriotic" organizations, so many of which are flooding the country with the "hate the Jew" creed. The Federation is close to the federal government. Mr. Easley himself makes frequent and mysterious trips to Washington to confer with Labor and State Department officials, either bringing them "information" or "patriotically" trying to peddle forged documents for a price—as he tried to peddle the now notorious Whalen forgeries four years ago. When he could not sell them to Robert Kelley, chief of the Far Eastern Division of the State Department, he tried to peddle them to a Hearst newspaper correspondent. And failing in that, Easley finally stuck former Police Commissioner Grover Whalen with them so that the latter rushed into print only to have the documents a little later proven as forgeries. I mention this so that the reader will understand how the "patriot" Ralph M. Easley works.

On the National Civic Federation executive council we find very influential men. Its ramifications and influence are wide. There is, for instance, the acting president of this organization: Matthew Woll. Woll is vice-president of the American Federation of Labor which went on record as favoring the boycott of German goods. Then there is Archibald Stevenson, chairman of the Department of Subversive Movements. Mr. Stevenson achieved a lot of prominence years ago by his activities in whipping up a "Red" hysteria for the notorious Lusk Committee. He succeeded in developing a "Red" scare which resulted in Socialist Assemblymen being kicked out of the Legislature just because they were Socialists. Then there is James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, who is in charge of the Commission on Industrial Inquiry. It is former Ambassador Gerard who, after this series of articles began, hysterically warned the Jews that if they did not abhor Communism they would have in the United States pogroms, "the like of which the world had never seen."

Jews and gentiles, scared by the Communist bugaboo raised by these men, contribute heavily to the National Civic Federation's well filled coffers. So far as the world at large knows, Easley's life has been devoted to fighting Communism or any other form of radicalism which appeared in this country. When the Communists were not around, he grew apoplectic about the I.W.W.'s. When that scare passed and the country somehow still survived, he got choleric over the Socialists—whom he now views with a mild tolerance. Easley always manages to get a cause to scare the propertied class. There is a great deal that I could say of this professional "patriot's" past, but space forbids all but the mention that he was closely connected with Boris Brasol who was largely responsible for the widespread dissemination of the notorious "Protocols of Zion." This fact of his past is little known—especially to the wealthy Jews who give money to his organization. This, though, was in his past. Let me now tell of his present activities, when while offering to help and work with wealthy and prominent Jews interested in counteracting anti-semitism, he was actually distributing anti-semitic propaganda, working to stop the boycott and all the while secretly reporting to George Sylvester Viereck, shrewd high pressure Nazi propagandist.

In my first article in THE NEW MASSES, I announced that I would present evidence to this effect in the course of this series and apparently Mr. Easley's "patriotic" conscience is not altogether at ease, judging by the fear he had of seeing me. I telephoned him for an appointment.

"Who's calling?" his secretary asked.

"Mr. Spivak—of THE NEW MASSES. Is Mr. Easley in?"

"Yes, just a minute and I'll get him for you."

The minute stretched out to four by the watch—just long enough, I judged, to trace the call and get several people listening in on extension wires. Then—

"Hello," said a sharp voice.

"Mr. Easley?"

"No, this is Mr. Stevenson—"

"Not Archie Stevenson of the old 'red-baiting' fame?"

"This is Mr. Archibald Stevenson," the voice said with dignity. "What is it you wish to see Mr. Easley about?"

"I should like to see him about his anti-semitic activities. I know, of course, that he does not like Communists, but what I want to know is why he is carrying on anti-semitic work—what that has to do with his hatred of Communism."

"Mr. Easley is not carrying on anti-semitic work—"

"I should like to know why Mr. Easley, representing the ultra-patriotic National Civic Federation, has been reporting secretly to George Sylvester Viereck, Nazi agent."

"Mr. Easley has *not* been reporting to Mr. Vierick," Archie Stevenson exclaimed indignantly.

"I am sorry. I have Mr. Easley's letters to Mr. Viereck," I assured him.

"Well—" there was silence for a moment. "Mr. Easley is not in at the moment. Perhaps you had better see him."

"That's why I called. Could I make an appointment?"

"Please call tomorrow at ten."

At ten the next morning I telephoned. A girl's voice answered when I gave my name.

"Oh, Mr. Spivak," it said. "I have a message for you. Mr. Easley said that on advice of counsel he would rather not see you. He thinks it would be better if you submitted the questions you wish to ask him and he will give them due consideration."

"You mean Mr. Easley is afraid to answer personally propounded questions? That he wants time to think over the answers?"

"Well, it's on advice of counsel," his secretary replied.

"I'll send him the questions this afternoon by registered mail. I hope he and his counsel will enjoy answering them."

The list of questions are appended to this article. I expect that on "advice of counsel" Mr. Easley will not answer them. I am appending them only so that the reader will know what questions Mr. Easley has been advised not to answer.

We thus have an idea of the sort of person this professional "patriot" is. Let us now, since they worked so closely together, see what sort of person George Sylvester Viereck is. Mr. Viereck is an author, journalist and editor. I will not go into his literary history which has nothing to do with this article. I will merely say that he is one of the shrewdest propagandists I know. He himself does not commit himself to writing. However, Mr. Easley did enough writing for both of them.

Viereck's past has shown him prominently as a German propagandist. Since Hitler got into power he has been an active Nazi

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propagandist. His receiving $1,750 a month —$1,000 of which was his "cut" for getting a fat contract for Carl Byoir (a Jew) to handle publicity for German railroads, and $750 a month for "service" he was to render Byoir—has already come out. I do not think it is necessary to devote more space to proving him a Nazi propagandist. It is much more important to examine his financial condition before Hitler got into power and after Viereck took a trip to Nazi Germany in 1933.

Viereck lost almost his whole fortune in the 1929 crash as a result of large and unwise speculations. In March and April 1933, after Hitler got into power, his bank accounts show that he suddenly had large sums of money. Early in October he returned from another trip to Germany and he had still larger sums available.

In March 1933, after Viereck had been advising the German Consul General Kiep on "the general German-American situation," Kiep gave him a retainer of $500 a month. This arrangement continued for five months —the money being paid to Viereck IN CASH. This retainer was supposed to have been deposited openly to his accounts and recorded in his cash book as money earned for legitimate advice. I saw his cash book—there is no entry for these sums except one $500 entry on page 114 which *does not disclose the source.*

At this period when Viereck was getting money IN CASH from the German Consul General and when, his financial accounts show, large sums of money were suddenly available to him, the "patriotic" Ralph M. Easley suddenly got interested in stopping the Jewish boycott of German goods—the wave of which was seriously hampering German business and threatening to spread. Besides carrying on anti-semitic propaganda, espionage work and other activities, it was to Hitler's interests that the Jews in this country stop the boycott, for it might eventually be a great factor in wrecking the Nazi regime.

On March 27, 1933, Viereck and Easley got together, with Viereck guiding the professional patriot in moves—to stop the boycott. Three days later, on the evening of March 30, 1933, after Viereck and Easley had met several times at the headquarters of the National Civic Federation, Viereck cabled the ex-Crown Prince of Germany, Vice Chancellor von Papen and Dr. Hjalmar Schacht. I offer the cable:

> The boycott of Germany here is so far only sporadic without central organization. Anti-German agitation is beginning to die down but it will assume incalculable dimensions if the threatened boycott of Saturday actually begins. In spite of the material interest in Germany's financial recovery and in spite of many currents friendly to pacifism, the American is fundamentally emotional and sentimental and if there is a battle between you and the Jews, Germany cannot count upon the support of either the press or the public. Even the German-Americans are unanimous in condemning the boycott [German boycott of Jewish stores in Germany]. The sentiment here is fraught with more peril than at any time during the war. France and Poland are beginning to regain the lost sympathies. The boycott would enhance the communist influence in Jewish organizations and elsewhere and would threaten also German minorities in other countries. If you will at least postpone the boycott, I believe, according to the requests and assurances which have reached me, that I am in a position to guarantee that the anti-German agitation in all world centers will stop at once.

After this cable was sent, Easley—whose sole interest, mind you, is supposed to be fighting radicalism, suddenly got busy and arranged for secret conferences in his headquarters. Those who attended were Judge Joseph Proskauer, Max J. Kohler, the attorney, Louis Wiley of the New York Times and members of the National Civic Federation. The plea was shrewdly made to the Jews that a boycott would result in a counter-boycott with the inevitable development of race hatred between Jew and gentile in the business field, which would spread. The appeal was made to the Jews that efforts should be made to stop the boycott on "patriotic" grounds. All that the Jews were told about Viereck was that he was "willing to cooperate" with them.

As a result of these conferences a special committee was appointed, at Viereck's suggestion, to arrange for a Good Will Commission to Germany. On May 13, 1933, the group sent a cable to Schacht outlining this proposal. Schacht immediately cabled that this committee would be more than welcome.

The special committee chosen consisted of Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor (which has numerous Jewish members in its affiliated unions *and which went on record as favoring the boycott of German goods*), General John Ross Delafield, George MacDonald, Herbert S. Houston and Easley.

The "professional patriot" was constantly meeting with and writing reports to Viereck and introducing him to prominent Jews. At private meetings at the homes of his friends, Easley spoke in glowing terms of Viereck. At one meeting he waxed eloquent in claiming that Viereck was "cooperating" through him (Easley) with Cyrus Adler of the American Jewish Committee. At this meeting filled with anti-semitic propagandists, Easley read a letter he sent to Morris Waldman, secretary of the American Jewish Committee outlining the proposed Good Will Commission to consist of 33 Jews, 33 Germans, 33 Americans who were not to be Jews, and one man, to be chairman, to be appointed by President Roosevelt.

While these conferences were going on, Easley convinced Waldman of the American Jewish Committee that one of the things the Jews, who were fighting anti-Semitism in this country, should do is show that not all Communists are Jews and not all Jews are Com-

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The National Civic Federation
570 LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

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GERTRUDE BEEKS EASLEY, Secretary Executive Council
MRS. COFFIN VAN RENSSELAER, Executive Secretary Woman's Department

Confidential. October 16, 1933.

Mr. Morris Waldman,
Secretary, American Jewish Committee,
171 Madison Avenue, New York.

Dear Mr. Waldman:

In pursuance of our talk on the telephone, I am sending, for your confidential information, a copy of the book described in the enclosed copy of letter.

At a luncheon today of a committee including General John Ross Delafield and Congressman Hamilton Fish, Jr., both those gentlemen suggested that we ought to ask Judge Proskauer or some other patriotic Jew of prominence to sign with them and others the Foreword herewith enclosed. They said that, as Judge Proskauer and all the other members of the conservative group that he represents are as bitterly opposed to Communism as are they, he might be willing to endorse this.

At any rate, look over this and let me have your reaction tomorrow morning as well as your suggestion as to whether it would be wise to try to get a Jewish co-signer.

Sincerely yours,

(Ralph M. Easley)

The patriotic Mr. Easley who distributed the anti-semitic book *Communism in Germany* which Viereck, the Nazi agent imported into this country, tries to get prominent Jews to endorse it.

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munists. The American Jewish Committee, being opposed to Communism generally, continued to keep in touch with Easley, feeling that perhaps in this way they would lessen the growing anti-semitism in the United States.

However, while these conferences were going on with the Nazi agent Viereck in the background, Easley was confidentially reporting to him on the activities and plans of the Jews as well as laying schemes which would enable the Nazis to come out with blasts of publicity for themselves. For instance I quote the letter dated June 6, 1933 which Easley sent to Viereck. The italics are mine.

CONFIDENTIAL

Mr. George Sylvester Viereck,
627 West 113th St.,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Viereck:

I have just learned from Mr. Waldman that he will place in my hands tomorrow a rough tentative draft of the statement which will be issued in pamphlet form by the American Jewish Committee the first of the week and which will contain the Jews' whole case against the Hitler Government, making definite charges.

The suggestion is that, upon receipt of the pamphlet, Acting President Woll and General Delafield, Chairman of our Foreign Relations Committee, will write the American Jewish Committee that they have referred the charges to our German-American members, Messrs. Herman A. Metz, Bernard and Victor Ridder and George Sylvester Viereck, for reply. The Woll-Delafield letter, which will be given to the press, will describe the various activities of the Federation's Committee in this connection, *thus marking our public entrance into this situation.* So far as I know, ours is the only organization in this or any other country that is undertaking to mediate in this critical controversy, *all the others being propaganda bodies on one side or the other.*

Of course, the answer to the American Jewish Committee's pamphlet will open the way for the National Socialist Party of Germany to give its whole case. It may be that our committee will decide that the situation has again reached a point where it could appeal, on the one hand, to the American Jewish Congress, *to stop the boycott against German goods in this country,* and, on the other hand, to the National Socialist Party to lift or at least modify the more drastic restrictions upon the Jews in Germany.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) RALPH M. EASLEY.

This tricky scheme to stop the boycott and give Nazis a chance to blast their publicity against the Jews and the boycott did not materialize, for the Jews, though they did not know that Easley was reporting to Viereck, became somewhat suspicious of Mr. Easley's sudden interest. It was instinct with them. Perhaps when they read this confidential report they will see that their instincts served them well. Easley is still interested in stopping the boycott. Perhaps the wealthy Jews who are contributing to Easley's and Woll's organization, can explain the activities of the chairman of the executive council of the Civic Federation of which Woll is the acting president, especially since the A. F. of L. went on record as favoring the boycott. There are a great many Jews in the A. F. of L. as well as a great many gentiles who do not like plotting behind the scenes and reporting to Hitler agents.

I think that this effort to send a Good Will Commission (which Schacht approved of) and stopping the boycott is now finished with the publication of this secret report to Viereck. Let us, then, get on to other of the professional "patriot's" activities, this time in disseminating anti-semitic propaganda.

I pointed out earlier in this article that when Viereck came back from Germany in October he had large sums of money available. At this period the "patriotic" Mr. Easley became intensely interested in disseminating Adolf Ehrt's book *Communism in Germany,* which though purporting to be an attack on Communists, is actually filled with cunning anti-semitic propaganda—the best kind to get across. Easley, with Viereck maneuvering and advising in the shadowy background of international intrigue, worked desperately to get Jews to endorse the book. What Viereck and Easley wanted was a prominent Jew for this and Easley wrote to Morris Waldman, secretary of the American Jewish Committee, sending him a copy of the book and the suggestion that Waldman get Judge Joseph Proskauer to okay it. The letter dated October 16, 1933, follows:

Dear Mr. Waldman:

In pursuance of our talk on the telephone, I am sending, for your confidential information, a copy of the book described in the enclosed copy of letter.

At a luncheon today of a committee including General John Ross Delafield and Congressman Hamilton Fish, Jr., both these gentlemen suggested that we ought to ask Judge Proskauer or some other patriotic Jew of prominence to sign with them and others the Foreword herewith enclosed. They said that, as Judge Proskauer and all the other members of the conservative Jewish group that he represents are as bitterly opposed to Communism as are they, he might be willing to endorse this.

At any rate, look over this and let me have your reaction tomorrow morning as well as your suggestion as to whether it would be wise to try to get a Jewish co-signer.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) RALPH M. EASLEY.

Waldman read the book. So did Proskauer. Much as they hated Communism, they could not see themselves endorsing a book so obviously anti-semitic, and Proskauer refused. However, the book was here to be distributed and *despite the fact that these Jews called Easley's attention to the anti-semitic nature of the book, and flatly refused to endorse it Easley proceeded to distribute copies wholesale.* The books were distributed free of charge from the offices of the National Civic Federation. Easley's wife, Gertrude Beeks Easley, who always works with him, handled the distribution, giving at one time 100 copies to William Dudley Pelley of the Silver Shirts. During the period of distributing this anti-semitic material, the Easleys kept telling everybody that "the National Civic Federation had printed the book" and

AMERICAN SECTION OF INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE
TO COMBAT THE WORLD MENACE OF COMMUNISM

RALPH M. EASLEY, Chairman Executive Committee

HOTEL LEXINGTON, LEXINGTON AVENUE AT 48TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Confidential

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BRIG. GEN. JOHN ROSS DELAFIELD (Commander-in-Chief, Military Order of the World War) New York.

RALPH M. EASLEY (Politico-Economic Writer) New York

HAMILTON FISH, JR. (Formerly Chairman, Congressional Committee to Investigate Activities and Propaganda of the Communists in the U. S.) Garrison, N. Y.

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LT. COL. ORVEL JOHNSON (R.O.T.C. Association of the United States) Washington, D. C.

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SAMUEL McROBERTS (Banker) New York.

C. G. NORMAN (Chairman, Building Trades Employers' Association) New York.

ELLIS SEARLES (Editor, *The United Mine Worker*) Indianapolis, Ind.

WALTER S. STEELE, (National Re-

December 5, 1933.

Mr. Morris Waldman,
Secretary American Jewish Committee,
171 Madison Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Waldman:

Herewith is the matter which I promised to send you. Also I enclose a paragraph from John Spargo's letter to me of December second and a paragraph from a previous letter of his which, as shown by the enclosed copy of correspondence, I referred to Viereck.

Sincerely yours,

(Ralph M. Easley)
570 Lexington Avenue

(Enc)

The patriotic Mr. Easley tries to persuade Jews that the anti-semitic *Communism in Germany* is all right. John Spargo, once a Socialist, wrote to Easley that he thought "the Jews were unduly excited about it" and Easley promptly sent the good news to George S. Viereck, the Nazi agent.

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was distributing it because of the fight against Communism.

What Easley kept to himself is that the anti-semitic book *Communism in Germany* had been IMPORTED FROM GERMANY BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK TO BE USED FOR PROPAGANDA PURPOSES. Twenty thousand copies of this book arrived in this country on October 11, 1933, consigned to George Sylvester Viereck, who paid duty on them.

Let me quote from a secret report Easley sent to Viereck on July 13, 1934. The italics are mine:

> Dear Mr. Viereck:
>
> In thinking over the situation *which has grown out of my proposal for you to have your friends in Germany answer the statements* contained in the pamphlet *The Jews in Nazi Germany* purporting to be "the factual record of their persecution by the National Socialists" and issued by the American Jewish Committee of New York, I am wondering if, instead of answering that Memorandum, *it would not be better if the National Socialist Party itself should prepare a statement supported by documentary evidence* and showing the entire undermining work which it claims is being done by Communists in Germany.

Perhaps both Jews and gentiles who have been contributing money to the Federation in the belief they were fighting Communism will inquire into the strange connections of this "patriot," who last spring personally called on Under Secretary of State Phillips to try to stop the boycott of German goods—precisely what the Nazi agent Viereck desired.

The following letter has been sent to Mr. Easley by registered mail:

October 26, 1934.

My dear Mr. Easley:

Your secretary informed me this morning that on advice of counsel you should not let me interview you on your anti-semitic activities which you carried on under the guise of fighting Communism. She added that counsel advised you to ask me to submit the questions I wish to ask you and that you "would give them due consideration." Herewith are the questions which I hope your legal advisors will permit you to answer:

1. In your fight against Communism you distributed a book *Communism in Germany* which contained anti-semitic propaganda: Where did you get this book?
2. Did you know that this book had been imported into this country by George Sylvester Viereck, a Nazi agent?
3. Why did you try to get Judge Proskauer, or other prominent Jews, to sponsor it? And why did Judge Proskauer refuse?
4. Did you ever inquire of George Sylvester Viereck, or any one else, who was paying the cost of printing and shipping of the anti-semitic *Communism in Germany* which you were distributing?
5. Did you suspect that Nazi propagandists were behind this attack on the Jews and if so, why, as an American "patriot," did you undertake to distribute a book which you knew carried insidious anti-semitic propaganda?
6. How much money did you get from George Sylvester Viereck to help defray the cost of distributing this anti-semitic book?
7. How much did your wife, who is your assistant, get to help defray the expenses of distributing this book?
8. Your wife expressed the hope that before long she would have an office of her own to carry on the distribution of this anti-semitic book. Who proposed to pay for this office of her own, about which she confided to several of her intimate friends?
9. You solicit and receive contributions for anti-Communist propaganda. How much of this came from wealthy Jews and what portion of it was used to disseminate this anti-semitic book?
10. Why did you not inform the public or Judge Proskauer and other prominent Jews whom you tried to get to indorse this book that it had been imported into this country by George Sylvester Viereck?
11. Did you inform your associates, such as General Delafield, when you, they, and prominent Jews who were fighting anti-semitism in this country were meeting secretly, that the meetings had been first suggested to you by George Sylvester Viereck? I am referring to your proposed Committee of 100 which you tried to get formed.
12. Since your fight is against Communism and radicalism what has that to do with your efforts to get the Jewish boycott of German goods in this country stopped?
13. The American Federation of Labor, of which Matthew Woll is vice-president and is also acting president of the National Civic Federation, went on record favoring the boycott of German goods. Did you tell Mr. Woll of your recent activities to get this boycott stopped and what did he say?
14. Why did you go to the State Department and discuss with under-Secretary of State Phillips the stopping of the Jewish boycott of German goods? What has that to do with Communism?
15. Why did you report confidentially to George Sylvester Viereck on the activities of the American Jewish Committee, an organization formed to fight anti-semitism in this country?
16. Why did you plot confidentially to have the American Jewish Committee issue a statement which would give the National Socialist Party of Germany an opportunity for a blast of publicity in defense of anti-semitic activities and confidentially report on this to Viereck, the Nazi agent?
17. You met secretly at the home of Dr. Stein, 375 Park Ave., with Royal Scott Gulden, head of the secret espionage Order of '76, who, you knew, was carrying on anti-semitic propaganda. What are your relations with Gulden?
18. Did you meet with Col. Edwin Emerson, the Nazi anti-semitic agent in this country? What was the purpose of your meetings?
19. Did you meet Sidney Brooks of the Republican Senatorial and Congressional Campaign Committee, the son of Col. Edwin Emerson, and what reason did you have to meet with him?
20. Your wife distributed this anti-semitic *Communism in Germany* giving free copies to William Dudley Pelley of the Silver Shirts. Did Viereck suggest giving him these copies?
21. What other propaganda material did Viereck ever give you to distribute which was imported from Germany?
22. What financial contributions did you receive from Nazi agents to carry on the work of distributing material which they wanted spread throughout this country?

JOHN L. SPIVAK.

The response to this communication, sent by Archibald E. Stevenson, is reproduced in facsimile below.

Viola Ilma who organized the would-be Fascist Youth Congress, discussed in our issue of Aug. 28, 1934, moves in high political circles in Washington due to her "patriotic" activities. Next week Mr. Spivak will tell of her strange relationship with Hitler's propaganda Minister Goebbels, Prime Minister Goering, and secret Nazi agents in this country.

ARCHIBALD EWING STEVENSON
COUNSELOR AT LAW

New York, New York.
October 29, 1934.

Mr. John L. Spivak,
New Masses,
31 East 27th Street,
New York City

Dear Sir:

Mr. Ralph M. Easley has shown me your letter to him of October 26, which I read with interest, but without surprise.

Your interrogations are so replete with your own characterizations, conclusions and innuendoes that it is quite evident that your letter was not sent with an honest desire to acquire accurate information. Under these circumstances, I have advised Mr. Easley to ignore the letter altogether.

I should neglect my duty, however, if I did not advise you that any assertion or innuendo to the effect that either Mrs. Easley, Mr. Easley or Mr. Matthew Woll have been or are engaged in spreading any anti-Semitic propaganda or are parties to any pro-Nazi movement whatsoever, is libel per se and that any publication on your part of any statements or inferences to that effect will be dealt with as the law allows.

Very truly yours,

Archibald E. Stevenson

(Archibald E. Stevenson)
General Counsel
THE NATIONAL CIVIC FEDERATION

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Voices from Germany

THERE is something I want to tell you. It is about my brother, Martin H. You know that he has turned over quite a number of good comrades to the *Gestapo* (Secret Police).

I really should call on you. It would be ever so much easier to talk about all that has happened, and particularly what took place yesterday. But that is not advisable since I do not want to endanger you, and besides I shall have to disappear, for the time being at least, after yesterday's happening.

That's why I'm writing this letter. First I'm going to tell how Martin was forced to become a stool pigeon. It was the method of the *Gestapo* that made him one. The manner employed I can describe but insufficiently. Still I believe that even this incomplete description will do; not to exonerate Martin—that will not and cannot be done—but to clarify the case and to learn by it.

As you know, life became intolerable for Martin in his section after the Reichstag fire; he was too well known there. He moved to R. . . where he issued the first illegal leaflets and organized the underground press. And when some of the leading comrades of the adjoining district were arrested, he took over their newspaper work also. Everything went O. K. until the *Gestapo* found out about the secret printing shop in S. Street. They embarked on a flood of raids. At that time Martin escaped arrest by the skin of his teeth, but they knew him, and steadily kept after him. Still, in spite of everything, he could have gone on for quite a while yet, had it not been for a former schoolmate of his who squealed on him.

When he got arrested, he had phoney papers on himself, but they soon found out who he really was: they immediately ordered him to give them the names and addresses and identify those who had been arrested. He refused to make any statements. So, they took him down to their barracks in General Pape Street and kept him in the cellars for three days. My wife got permission to visit him in the hospital two weeks later. She hardly recognized him; he was all swollen. His underwear, which she brought back with her, was horrible to look at. It was dreadful.

After that they kept him locked up for six weeks. Day and night, between short intervals, they cross-examined him. Finally he was so low that they feared he would pass out on them. They didn't want that, of course, as they had all sorts of things in store for him. They let him go. Maybe they expected to find out whom he would contact. But he was wise to them and simply stayed home. Besides, he was so weakened that he had to take a rest first. As soon as he was halfway on his feet and had established the first connections with his comrades, they picked him up again, and everything started anew: General Pape Street, the hospital, *Gestapo*. But they did not finish him this time either. They still hoped they would get him to tell all he knew. Later, he told me that he didn't know himself how he was able to stand all the beating, the cross-examinations and standing at attention for hours. He must have been in the state of a deathly sick person. He said he felt as if he were drifting away from life but hadn't reached the other bank yet.

Then they got a new idea. They took him along on their round-ups and raids. Whenever they were about to arrest somebody or to seize some literature, they made him sit next to the chauffeur making it look as if he were the "guide" for the Radical Squad. All the time, even yesterday, he protested that he had sent numerous messages and warnings to the comrades; but these obviously had been intercepted. At the cross-examination of the prisoners they made him stand at the door of the court room where the men had to pass him. Inside they were told that denials were useless, as a former comrade had incriminated them; only a full confession could save them.

Martin also got a new swanky outfit, making him look just like a stool pigeon receiving a lot of money. He tried to raise hell a few times so that he might tip off the arrested comrades. But the officers acted as if everything was prearranged. By now Martin was under strong suspicion. A leaflet appeared which accused him of being a paid stool pigeon. Maybe the *Gestapo* themselves were responsible for it, maybe not; they are said to have pulled similar tricks. Anyway, after his release none of our people wanted to have anything to do with him. They were right. They had to be sceptical and cautious. After all, he was under suspicion, he could not offer any proof of what he told them. They only followed the principle that it is a thousand times better to do injustice to a single person than to bring danger upon the whole organization. Yesterday, Martin told me that he himself had realized that at the time, nevertheless, he felt he couldn't bear being treated as a traitor. That's why he was so upset. But who could tell whether he was upset because he suffered under their suspicion or because of a bad conscience? I couldn't make him out. I sincerely wanted to believe him, but then a man with a badge came and brought him money in an envelope. Martin didn't touch the money; that too could have been a trick. It really was hard to tell what was fake and what was real. I didn't know. I felt as if I were caught in a net. It was the most difficult time of my life.

Then they came after Martin once more. Again they made him go along on their raids. He was with them when they arrested half of the district of M. . . , all old friends of his. And again they started with their endless cross-examinations. They told him over and over: "No use of your keeping quiet. Your comrades are convinced that you are a traitor. Not one of them wants to have anything to do with you. The next time they'll shoot you down like a mad dog. To the party you remain a provocateur, whether you helped us or not. Be reasonable and work with us." And they kept on and on: cross-examinations, honeyed words, torture. They brought him our blacklist where he was listed as a stool pigeon. They also brought him our unit papers carrying warnings against him. Then they told him they'd kill him, but they didn't do anything of the sort. Instead they kept talking night after night: he kept quiet only because of his proletarian honor. But this honor was done for anyway and not even his death, if they finished him, could clear him. He would croak a traitor.

Finally they got him where they wanted him. Yesterday he confessed to me, he realized he should have let them kill him. But at that time he probably was too severely shattered.

It was then that he started to give them information, to reveal identities and addresses. But his data was of almost no value to them. He had been out of touch with the organization for too long a time. Now they put him into the *Columbia* house, where they made him identify all the prisoners whose identities were unknown. They were brought before him and he picked those out he knew. As you know, he knew many.

He never came home anymore. They probably were afraid someone might kill him. He lived with a dick somewhere in the suburbs.

Yesterday, he came to see me, quite unexpectedly. I refused to open the door, but he did not move away. Finally I let him in.

He told me everything. It hit me like a stroke of lightning. It was indescribably painful for him as well as for me. When he finished I understood: He had resisted them with all his might, but they had been stronger, they had broken him. I knew too that he could not be vindicated, that it is we who must be stronger. He was right: he was through; there was no help for him, he mustn't go on living. I took the gun, his own gun, and killed him. I enclose his papers and fifty marks he had on him.

I know that I cannot ask for any help from you, and I don't ask for any. I hope I'll get by somehow. As soon as possible, I shall get in touch with the party again. Please, give the fifty marks to the Red Aid. Write in your papers that Martin has committed suicide, for fear or on account of his bad conscience. He was finished all right. That is not meant to be an excuse, as I said before, it is only to clarify the case. I assume that all is clear now.

With our greeting: Red Front!

HERMAN H.

(From *Those Who Are Stronger* by F. C. Weiskopf.)

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Crosbie—Legionnaire and Communist

ORRICK JOHNS

ONE DAY last May, a tallish, thinnish business man, with an alert eye and trim gray beard, returned to his insurance office in William Street after lunch. The office manager told him that plainclothesmen had been there to investigate him.

"I gave them an earful, all right," said the office manager. "I showed them the piece about you in Who's Who, told them your record at Harvard and in France. I even told them you used to belong to the old Seventh Regiment with John F. O'Ryan himself, the police commissioner. Their eyes bulged when I got through. I guess they know you are a respectable party by now."

The insurance man, Paul C. Crosbie, was not satisfied with this. A few days earlier he had written his old comrade in arms, O'Ryan, protesting against the beating by police of anti-Nazi demonstrators in Yorkville.

"Why do they investigate me instead of acting on my complaint?" he demanded. He went off without delay to police headquarters to get this question answered. Here is what happened, in his own words:

"Captain La Garenne was not in. I sat down to wait and meantime got to talking with one of the plainclothesmen who had come to my office, and with some other detectives and policemen. They were polite and apologetic. One of the detectives remarked sympathetically, 'a good many of these complaints come from radicals and Communists, Mr. Crosbie.'

" 'What,' I asked. 'Don't you boys know that I am a member of the Communist Party?'

"You should have seen them. It was as if they had been hit a clip in the solar plexus. One little eagle-eyed sleuth perked his chair up close to me and gave me a glassy stare. No doubt he wanted to make sure he would never forget my face."

Paul C. Crosbie is today a candidate for Congress on the Communist ticket in his district. He is not the only American of his background to come to the Communist Party to find in it the true solution of our reigning chaos. His story is becoming more and more that of thoughtful middle-class people during the crisis. But to the average American mind it seems an impassable bridge: from the purlieus of Harvard, the circles of Franklin D. Roosevelt, a war record as Lieutenant of Field Artillery and a prosperous business life—to Communism.

From Paul Crosbie's autobiography, an unfinished book, I have culled the following narrative of his background. It is important because it is thoroughly native, the picture of the average American poor boy who makes good.

His ancestors were Quakers who came to this country before the Revolutionary War. On his mother's side they were mostly Pennsylvanians, with a sprinkling who came from New England. The father's people were from Virginia and North Carolina. The families followed the trail of Daniel Boone into Indiana, and later moved by covered wagon and ox-team into Henry County, Iowa. Crosbie's grandfather maintained a station on the "underground railway," by which escaping slaves made their way to Canada. The grandmother traveled for miles around, nursing the sick and helping mothers in child-birth. They both "lived well beyond ninety years and never became wealthy"—hard-working frugal people, real toilers of the middle-class, like the great majority in the wheat belt sixty years ago.

It was on a small farm in southeastern Iowa that Paul made his first acquaintance with a business crisis. He remembers vividly, during the winter of 1893-4, while children were starving in the cities, that the farmers in Iowa were burning corn for fuel.

Two of his brothers were working their way at Lake Forest Academy, a private school in Illinois, and one of them was preparing to go on to the fashionable Phillips Exeter Academy in the east. Paul decided to join them.

At the Academy Paul tended furnace fires, swept and cleaned halls, washed dishes, waited on table, and spent whole vacation periods washing windows and beating rugs. To get money for spending, he and his brother ran a clothes-pressing business.

At the end of his third year, Paul had passed his preliminary examinations to Harvard. He had won second prize in scholarship, and wanted to stay another year and get the first, but New Mexico called him away. His brother had bought a mail route from Springer on the Santa Fe railroad to the Bell ranch eighty miles south.

With $150 saved, Paul decided to return home, study hard for a month or two and take his final examinations for Harvard. He had won a scholarship which would pay for his tuition.

At Harvard Paul Crosbie's story is that of thousands of young men in similar circumstances. It became increasingly easy to make expenses. In his third year he began to write about his experiences in New Mexico. He became an Associated Press correspondent, and a regular contributor to the Harvard Monthly. His outlook and his circle of acquaintances broadened. First among them was the man who is now President of the United States. Another classmate was Roger N. Baldwin. But the ones whose careers Paul Crosbie has pondered most, and whose acts have most influenced his own philosophy were the men who later were to become predatory leaders of industry and finance capital: Clarence Dillon, Ralph Bollard, "Bill" Phillips, all of Dillon, Read and Company; Walter Gifford; Archibald Graustein, president of the American Paper Company; and others less famous but equally successful in prospering at the expense of society.

After graduation, Crosbie went through the usual series of experimental jobs. Two years of dry-farming in Kansas opened his eyes to the curse of absentee ownership, the injustice of tax and debt burdens deliberately unloaded onto the shoulders of the working mass of small farmers. But these experiences were a priceless practical education for a future American Communist. And Crosbie met them with an unusual degree of open-eyed comprehension.

To keep within space limits we shall have to concentrate for the remainder of this article on the two more recent and formative experiences of Crosbie's life: his career in the army and the Legion and as a democratic politician. Together they cleared up his illusions and led him gradually to the Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels. Crosbie joined the National Guard for curious reasons. His family was of Quaker origin and had had no soldier in the Civil War. As a youth he resented this, and if there was to be another war, he wanted his children to know that the family had had one fighter in the long interval since 1776. He became a member of the blue stocking Seventh Regiment—the same which is the pride of the great heart of John F. O'Ryan—and served from 1911 to 1914. There didn't seem to be much prospect of a war in those years, and life in the regiment was more of a social affair. Then the war came. Crosbie shared the illusion that democracy was threatened, and that the destruction of the Hohenzollerns would save it. In 1915, together with Richard Harding Davis, Robert Bacon and others, at his own expense, he helped organize the first Plattsburg military training camp. In 1917, when Wall Street had finally succeeded in forcing the Wilson administration to fight for the collection of its bonds, Crosbie joined the first officer's training camp at Fort Meyer, Virginia, and became an artilleryman. Early in 1918 he was in France, a Lieutenant with the 313th Field Artillery. He fought in the front line at St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne sector, where the great "hinge" of the German advance was turned and smashed back. It was the bloodiest business of the war, the last tense, intolerable weeks. Crosbie says he believes his front line service of 54 consecutive days was as long as that of any other member of the A. E. F.

Demobilized, Crosbie watched with growing anger the huckstering of the statesmen at

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Versailles, the monstrous strengthening of Allied capitalism at the cost of starvation populations, and the infamous intervention by Allied armies against the Soviet Revolution. Like so many disillusioned men and officers after that war, he turned to his personal life, worked hard to bring up his family and provide for their future.

When the crash came in 1929, and the crisis deepened, he blamed conditions on Hoover, Mellon and Mills. They were the arch-enemies of American prosperity. He organized and fought with small home-owners to save their homes. On the invitation of a neighbor, he accepted the captaincy of the election district under Tammany. But it was the election of Roosevelt in 1932 that first opened his eyes to the political corruption of his district. Here are his own words:

"I had worked enthusiastically to elect Roosevelt, but I had intended to resign as soon as the election was over. Two days after election, in the same mail, I got two letters from Peter J. McGarry, the boss who had just been elected Sheriff. One of these letters thanked me for my work in the campaign. The other announced that McGarry and some of his friends were opening an insurance office. A $10,000 office-hog was going to compete with tax-payers in my own business! I was furious. I resigned, but I turned my letter of resignation into an exposure of McGarry, and I sent copies of it to the newspapers.

"The next meeting of the local Democratic Club had an unusually large attendance. I took a seat forward. Nothing was said outside of routine business and I thought the meeting about to adjourn, when George Torsney, Assemblyman and chairman of our executive committee, took the floor and gave me a twenty minute tongue-lashing. He called me a traitor. Then he charged that three times I had approached McGarry asking him to go into an insurance partnership with me, and that now I was kicking because he had refused! After this monstrous lie, I got up to leave and found myself surrounded by angry henchmen. I thought I was going to be beaten up. A big Irishman stood in front of me and asked: 'Is it true that you are a descendent of Judas Iscariot?'

"This treatment by Tammany didn't cool my enthusiasm for Roosevelt. I thought he was able to save the country. On March 4, 1933, I sat at the radio and listened to the inaugural speech with a beating heart and high hopes. Roosevelt could accomplish anything.

"That summer I was very active in the movement to relieve small owners. Sunnyside Gardens took the lead in organizing the demand for legislative relief for this class. We expanded the program to include small farmers. We had a bill all ready for introduction in Congress. It went to the White House for review. It came back a bill for the relief of mortgage and insurance companies instead of small home owners. That shook my belief in Roosevelt severely, but what finally knocked me out of my dream was the order to destroy five million hogs, including one million brood sows which would soon have produced five million more hogs. I was a farm boy once. I couldn't stand that.

"I realized then that the programs of the N.R.A. and the A.A.A. were not what I supposed them to be, but were in fact, designed to help the rich at the expense of the poor. What did I do? Well, naturally I turned at once to the program of the Socialist Party. I was a neighbor of Paul Blanshard, and we were good friends. We still are, though I am considerably puzzled by his position*. I spent hours in discussion with Paul, and with Mark Khinoy, Associate Editor of the Jewish Daily Forward, and Abe Cahan's right-hand man. Khinoy took it for granted that he could win me over, but although I was convinced that the theoretical approach of socialism was what I wanted, I did not believe the Socialist Party and the Socialist leadership offered me any hope of achieving its program. Then, and only then, I turned to Communism. I didn't know a single member of the Communist Party. My introduction to Communism was by way of the New York telephone directory, an interview at the district headquarters, then 65 cents worth of reading, some more interviews, and finally enrollment in the Workers' School. I have passed the half century mark in years, and was pretty old to become a student, but I knew I had to learn from the ground up. All of the learned professors I have studied under could learn things at the Workers' School, for that matter, that would overturn the foundations of their thinking.

"Within a month, in September, 1933, I signed a red card applying for membership in the Party. It was the same day that Paul Blanshard resigned from the Socialist Party to join the Democratic Party. Well, that's how it happened I became a Communist. At no time since I first approached Communism have I doubted that it is the program I have always looked for. It was more like the recognition of something of my own than pure discovery. Naturally, when the workers in my district asked me to run for Congress on the Communist Party platform, I agreed to do so."

But Paul Crosbie was a member of the American Legion. What happened in his Legion Post on Long Island when it became known that he was a Communist? Crosbie, in spite of a war record of the first rank, stands today under charges and liable to expulsion from the American Legion solely because of his political beliefs. This story, too, I should rather give in Crosbie's words:

"The Constitution of the American Legion provides that the Legion 'shall be absolutely non-political,' and that 'in fulfilling his duty as a citizen each member shall be guided by his own conscience and understanding.' There have been a number of cases where a Legionnaire pointed the finger of scorn at a man and said, 'Red.' The man resigned. That is usually all the proceedings they need to take in such a case, but in my case it didn't work. The Blissville Post of the Legion knew that I had been making no secret of my activities in the Communist movement. I had been speaking at open air meetings and demonstrations regularly. Then a newspaper printed an article linking me with John F. O'Ryan and containing my own statement that I was a member of the Communist Party.

"So when the night came for the Post to convene, I knew that, as at the Tammany powwow, Crosbie was in for it again. James J. Ogilvie, a postal clerk, rose and stated that according to the papers Legion Comrade Crosbie was a member of the Communist Party. He demanded that I explain. I answered that I had no more to 'explain' than the Democrats and Republicans present. Ogilvie then read a letter that had been written by Maurice Stember, New York State Adjutant, which said that the Legion is unalterably opposed to Communism, and any member of the Communist Party should be expelled from the Legion. Ogilvie then demanded that I resign.

"I said, 'I see no reason why I should resign. I am amazed that Stember should disregard the clear provisions of the Constitution of the Legion [quoted above]. Why should he be permitted to write such a letter? Far from resigning, I demand a hearing on the charges.'

"Their bluff had failed to work and now they were forced to get together a jury to try me for my political crimes. Ernest Angell, a director of the New York branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, has charge of my defense. But the trial has been postponed four times, although I have repeatedly demanded that it take place. The last notification I had was by telegram that the trial scheduled for October 15 was again postponed to November 19. But the Ogilvie crowd have blundered at every step, and don't know just what to do about me."

Crosbie added:

"One of the things I did was to protest against vigilante terrorism in California. For that they charge me with 'disloyalty'. But it is these reactionary officials, it is the whole group of Legion top officials working hand in glove with the organizers of the terrorism against the workers, who are basely disloyal to the interests of the veterans and the toiling people of the country."

"Has this attack hurt you in your campaign for Congress?" I asked.

"On the contrary. I am amazed at the extent of the support that has developed in my locality for Communism. It is a section largely made up of professionals, of salaried employes, some writers and artists.

"They are loyally working for my candidacy."

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* Paul Blanshard, formerly member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, joined in the Fusion campaign to elect LaGuardia, and accepted the office of Commissioner of Accounts from the LaGuardia administration.

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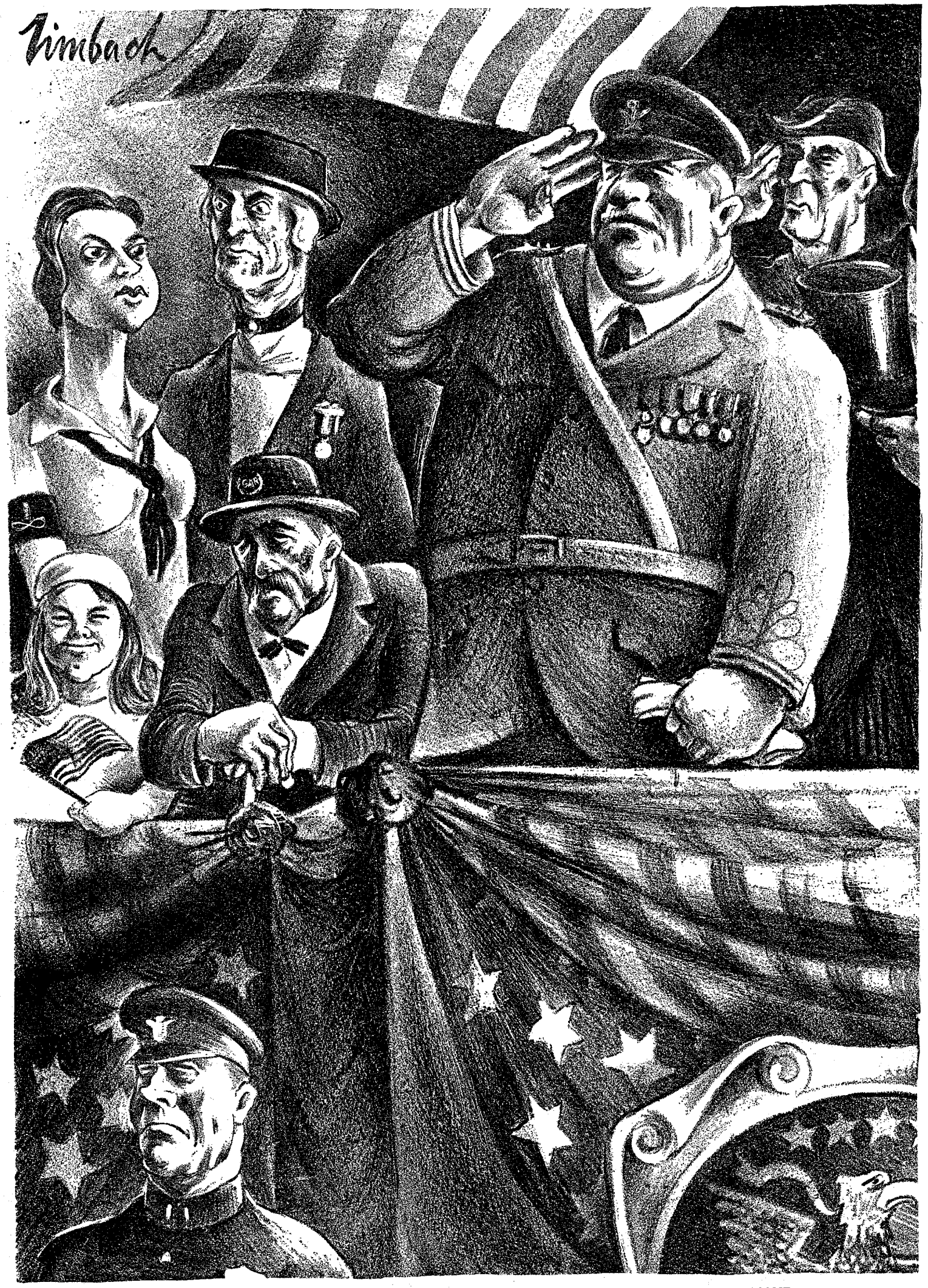

REVIEWING STAND

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A Lithograph by Russell T. Limbach

Contemporary Print Group

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New Attack on the Scottsboro Defense

JAMES S. ALLEN

THE latest developments in the Scottsboro Case have again brought clearly to the surface the wide range of social issues contained within it. A new chapter is now being opened in a case which has not only proved to be a faithful record of the fundamental antagonisms which rend Southern society and a revelation of all the forces engaged in the oppression of the Negro people, but which is also the sounding board of each new advance against these forces. The present attack upon the Scottsboro defense, led by Samuel S. Leibowitz, can only be understood in the light of all that Scottsboro has come to signify.

Heywood Patterson and Clarence Norris have been sentenced to death by the lower courts of Alabama on a charge of rape—Patterson three times and Norris twice. Twice the Alabama Supreme Court has upheld this verdict and set dates of execution. The fate of seven other Negro boys, now incarcerated in Jefferson County jail, Ala., hinges upon the outcome of the cases of Norris and Patterson, who by the latest edict of the supreme judicial body of the state are to be executed on December 7, 1934. For the second time the Scottsboro Case has been presented before the Supreme Court of the United States for appeal.

The nine Negro youths, most of them in their teens and two of them below fourteen when they were routed off a freight train at Paint Rock, Ala., on March 25, 1931, and charged with raping two white girls who were found on the same train, have become the symbols of a profound social movement, which has gained new impetus and agitated ever broader masses of people with each new stage in the case. From that 9th day of April, 1931, when after 72 hours of formal consideration of "evidence" eight of the boys were condemned to death by the court at Scottsboro, Ala., a mass movement reaching world proportions and involving many social strata was able each time to halt the scheduled death march to the electric chair at Kilby Prison, Ala. On April 9, 1931, Heywood Patterson was among the eight condemned to die; on April 9 of the following year the Supreme Court of the United States consented to take the case under consideration, and a few months later ordered a new trial for Patterson. Again on April 9 (1933) a jury walked into the Decatur, Ala., courtroom, and with grins which attempted to hide their hilarious laughter of 30 minutes before, found Patterson guilty. But so effective was the exposure of the frame-up and so firmly was the innocence of the boys established at the Decatur trial (especially by Ruby Bates, one of the girls who was supposed to have been attacked, and by Lester Carter, one of the white companions of the girls on the fateful train ride) that Judge Horton was forced to rule that the "evidence preponderates greatly in favor of the defendants" and order a new trial. At the next trial, also held in Decatur in November of the same year and presided over by Judge Callahan, both Patterson and Norris were again found guilty and sentenced to death, the decision which has just been upheld by the Alabama Supreme Court.

The legal record of the case is merely a scoreboard registering the latest results of the basic and underlying social struggle. It has long been evident to all who know anything about the facts of the case that the guilt or the innocence of the boys is not the issue at stake. The innocence of the Scottsboro boys has long since been firmly established. But no matter if their innocence were established a hundred times over in a hundred courtroom trials, the relentless verdict of Alabama justice, reared in decades of slavery and peonage, would be "guilty." For it is an unwritten law of the South, an excrescence of its semi-slavery, that every Negro accused of rape must meet death, that "rape" be branded deep into the consciousness of white and Negro masses alike as an eternal mark of the inferiority and the subjection of the Negro.

But this is not all. If the case had been permitted to go its own way, if no one had arisen to snatch it from the hands of the Uncle Toms, the Scottsboro boys today would be only a sad and dreadful memory, and another notch in the whip of Simon Legree. The quick response of the International Labor Defense and the Communist Party, the application of the two-fisted policy of expert legal defense and world-wide mass pressure, has not only saved the boys from death, but has exposed the conditions of which the Scottsboro frame-up is the product, has clearly sounded all the issues involved, has aroused masses, has created that towering edifice which is today known as The Scottsboro Case.

An effective challenge, an effective struggle against a social institution—and the frame-up of the Scottsboro boys is the expression of a social institution — cannot be given by any single individual or isolated group. Such a challenge and struggle can only be given by masses, by social classes. No amount of courtroom defense, no matter how expert, can in itself make any dent in the oppressive policies of the ruling class against the Negroes, of which the Scottsboro frame-up is a part. Only when the legal defense is itself an expression in terms of legal procedure of the protest, of the aims and aspirations which have been roused in millions of people, of a whole mass rejection of the rulings of the court, is legal defense in a social case effective.

The I.L.D. turned the tables from the very beginning upon the State of Alabama: the case was rescued from isolation; mass meetings, parades, conferences, telegrams, cables, resolutions, placed the social system of the South on trial; the modern slave-masters were put on the defensive. The chief related social issues were raised: the issue of the right of Negroes to sit on juries was injected into the legal defense as symptomatic of a whole series of political and constitutional rights consistently denied the Negroes. The more the modern slave-master tried to defend himself in the person of Attorney-General Thomas Knight, Jr., the more he exposed his innate weaknesses.

But additional, and even more vital, issues were raised as the mass movement grew and expanded, setting new masses into motion. Whole strata of the Negro people were inspired by the daring, the vital striking at keenly-felt issues by the I.L.D. Alabama felt it in the most delicate part of its social structure, on the plantation, in the growth of the Share-croppers Union and the struggles of the black peasants under its leadership; the whole South felt the impact when it was confronted with Negroes no longer meek and submissive, but sullen and demanding human treatment. Among the Negro people there was a new note of rebellion, for them a new path of struggle opened. In the midst of the severe economic crisis, this was an exceedingly dangerous development for the status quo as a whole. When masses of a people as harshly oppressed as the Negroes in the United States are aroused and begin to move in the direction of mass action, it is time for the masters to put up their defenses.

This alone is enough to pack the Scottsboro case with social dynamite. But add to this the fact that the leadership of the Scottsboro movement was in the hands of the revolutionary section of the working class, represented by the I.L.D. and the Communist Party, rallying about itself whole blocs of the middle strata, then one can conceive of the consternation felt not only in Montgomery, Ala., but also in Washington. Through the leadership given the drive for the freedom of the boys by the Communist Party, which popularized its program for Negro liberation not only among the Negro, but also among the white masses, the prestige and influence of the Communists among the Negroes grew swiftly. There immediately ensued a clash between the two principal class forces at work among the Negro people, between the two chief programs which in the final analysis constitute the only alternatives: the bourgeoisie as represented by the leadership of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the proletariat as represented by the I.L.D. and the Communist Party. The N.A.A.C.P. did everything in its power to "oust the Reds," thinking that in this way it would rid the case of all the embarrassing

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issues which had been raised, strip it of its whole social content, and thrust it back into the isolation of a polite court trial. Encouraged and aided by the state authorities, the representatives of the N.A.A.C.P. attempted to cajole and threaten the boys and their mothers into repudiating the I.L.D. and accepting an N.A.A.C.P.—Ministers' defense. It launched a broadside attack against the I.L.D. and the Communists, attempting to split the mass defense movement. The issue quickly boiled down to the kernels of respective programs: on the one hand, bourgeois nationalism representing an alliance with the white imperialist bourgeoisie and, on the other, working class internationalism representing a united struggle of the Negro and white masses against the bourgeoisie.

It was not merely a struggle between two methods of defense; it was a struggle between two opposing class forces for influence and leadership over the Negro masses as a whole. The N.A.A.C.P. was decisively defeated, precisely because the working class program had shown its effectiveness, had inspired and swelled the mass movement, had saved the boys from the electric chair, had shown (and this is most important of all) that the *white workers,* overcoming years of lethargy and alien influence, can and would join and invigorate the struggle for Negro rights.

The first defeat of the N.A.A.C.P. leadership only signified the defeat of one group of representatives of the bourgeoisie. That class force remains and new protagonists arise. The Scottsboro case is a living schoolbook which, with the turn of every page, reveals to the workers new lessons—and new enemies. The latest phase of the Scottsboro case, the treachery of Samuel S. Leibowitz, who was formerly associated with the I.L.D. defense lawyers, is a continuation of the earlier N.A.A.C.P. phase, on a higher plane and with a greater concentration of enemy forces.

Shortly after the Alabama Supreme Court announced its latest decision, and upon the heels of reports in the press that two lawyers had been arrested and charged with attempting to bribe Victoria Price, the principal state witness, Leibowitz, without even notifying the I.L.D., announced through the press on October 4 that he had withdrawn from the case. This was followed by reports in the press that a pair of Negro ministers, acting for Leibowitz, had obtained new retainers from the two boys whose cases were now to go before the Supreme Court of the United States. On October 11, the New York press carried a statement by Leibowitz under the headlines, "Leibowitz Ousts Communists in Scottsboro Case" and "Reds Told to Drop Scottsboro Case." In this statement Leibowitz announced that Clarence Norris and Heywood Patterson had authorized him to take charge of the appeals to the Supreme Court, and he asked the I.L.D. to turn over all records in the case within two days. From accompanying news stories it was evident that Leibowitz had been conspiring with leading Negro ministers of Harlem for some time.

As long as the "Reds" did not meddle in the case, Leibowitz stated in his first announcement, he was content, but now that they were meddling he must ask the I.L.D. to step out and leave the case to him. The utter hypocrisy of this statement is self-evident: from the very beginning of his connections with the I.L.D. it was clear to Leibowitz that he was to follow the policies set down by that organization, that he was being retained by the I.L.D. because of his ability as a trial lawyer. He accepted with the full knowledge that the mass campaign of meetings and protest would not only continue, but grow in momentum. He seems to have forgotten entirely how during the course of the Decatur trial he rose and, with dramatic gesture, cried: "If it were not for the I.L.D., the boys would now be dead!" In his second statement to the press Leibowitz declared:

"The Communists have from the start of the case exploited the defendants in order to raise funds for red activities and by stirring up trouble between black and white in the South have jeopardized the Negroes' lives."

This sentence might have been lifted from the editorials of the Pittsburgh Courier, semi-official organ of the N.A.A.C.P., or from the leaders. The I.L.D. has never denied that it expended funds raised for the Scottsboro Case in the printing of circulars and leaflets and for expenses involved in organizing the mass movement of defense. Leibowitz knew it from the beginning. "Stirring up trouble between whites and blacks" has been the cry of all those opposed to the I.L.D. It was in direct violation of I.L.D. policies and the whole philosophy of the mass defense movement that Leibowitz, with the chagrin of an irate lawyer who had lost his case and with utter inability to see the broader issues involved, labelled all white Southerners as "morons," when the first Decatur jury brought in its verdict of guilty—a statement which was promptly and emphatically repudiated by the I.L.D. and the Daily Worker.

Subsequent revelations by Benjamin Davis, Jr., the Atlanta Negro lawyer who had so heroically defended Angelo Herndon and who is at present editor of the Negro Liberator, organ of the League of Struggle for Negro Rights, revealed Leibowitz as even a more high-handed trickster than his N.A.A.C.P. predecessors. Davis visited the boys in jail and their mothers, and learned that John Terry, former gangster and Leibowitz's right-hand man, had been working hand in hand with Attorney-General Knight, prosecutor in the Scottsboro Case, in an effort to have the defendants renounce the I.L.D. Terry was given free access both to the state capitol and to the Kilby death cells, where Patterson and Norris are confined. The boys were brutally treated by the warden even in the presence of Davis. All possible pressure was brought to bear upon them, including a promise purporting to come from the Attorney-General and Governor Miller that if the "Reds" were ousted the boys would get life imprisonment and would then be pardoned after serving a few months. Davis charges that Attorney-General Knight and gangster Terry, who threatened Davis's life in front of the capitol at Montgomery, had cooked up the statement, presumably signed by the boys, demanding that Davis be not permitted to see them. The retainers signed by the boys for Leibowitz had been forced by all kinds of pressure and intimidation and they did not understand that signing such a retainer would mean excluding the I.L.D., as was shown in subsequent letters received both from the boys and the parents by the I.L.D. and its lawyers, Joseph Brodsky and Osmond K. Fraenkel. Mrs. Wright, mother of Roy and Andy, confirmed the above facts and told of a conference held in Chattanooga, where Terry and Revs. Lorenzo H. King of the St. Marks M. E. Church of Harlem and Richard Bolden of the First Emanuel Church, Brooklyn, urged two of the parents

"Deputy, what's this I hear about you taking the law into your own hands and not handing the prisoner over to the vigilantes?"

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to sign away the I.L.D. on the strength of the Attorney-General's statement to Claude Patterson, father of one of the condemned youths, that if the I.L.D. were ousted, it would go easy for the boys.

Before it was known under what conditions Leibowitz had obtained the retainers, the I.L.D. had announced it would make available to him the documents necessary for carrying the case to the supreme court in order to avoid any delay in the matter. But when Leibowitz's duplicity was fully established and the confidence in the I.L.D. of the boys as well as of the mothers of Wright, Norris, Montgomery and Powell had been strongly and publicly reconfirmed, the I.L.D. challenged the right of Leibowitz to take charge of the appeals to the U. S. Supreme Court, and Walter H. Pollak, a leading constitutional lawyer who argued the first appeal, has again been retained.

But it is not only in the behind-the-scenes maneuvering of a trickster lawyer that the danger lies. Leibowitz himself is only a tool, for the time being the center around which all forces opposed to the Scottsboro movement are gathering. Already after the first Decatur trial, when there was a new and greater resurgence in the mass response to the lynch verdict, Attorney Leibowitz, working in conjunction with William N. Davis, editor of the Amsterdam News, and the ministers now cooperating with him, had attempted to set up an "independent defense committee" with the exclusion of the I.L.D. and Communist forces. These efforts were scotched by an immediate exposure and repudiated in the form of the mass march to Washington, led by the League of Struggle for Negro Rights and the I.L.D.

At the present time, with the help of William N. Davis, whose paper has become virtually the official organ of Leibowitz, and the same group of Negro "race leaders" who had previously cooperated with the N.A.A.C.P., an "American Scottsboro Committee" has been set up which claims twenty-one members, most of them leading Negro ministers. This committee has obtained the support of the Baptist Ministers Conference of Greater New York and Vicinity and of Newark and Vicinity and is proceeding to raise funds. Reporting the conference at which the committee was formed, the New York Age, one of the most reactionary Negro newspapers, emphasized that Leibowitz "showed disinclination for the use of propaganda or wild-fire publicity and made it clear to the group assembled that his interest in the lives of the boys is paramount *but not divorced from a sincere desire to preserve our American traditions of government and law.*" All the reactionary forces are rushing to Leibowitz's standard. The Pittsburgh Courier, already plentifully scarred as a result of its previous attacks upon the I.L.D. and now an organ of Roosevelt's New Deal for the Negroes as well as of the N.A.A.C.P., joined battle with its oft-repeated cry that the I.L.D. and the Communist Party "have hampered the defense of the Negro youths by lugging in revolutionary claptrap and resorting to the most irresponsible and suicidal antics."

It is also evident that Leibowitz is making use of all his state and political connections in the drive against the mass defense movement. The New York County and Federal District Attorneys have been asked to investigate the funds of the I.L.D. and all "Communist affiliates." Slanderous charges of neglect of the cases are being spread against the I.L.D. and it is being rumored in the press that legal charges will be filed by the Leibowitz gang against the I.L.D. attorneys. "General" Chamlee of Chattanooga, who had formerly been associated with the I.L.D. defense staff in the case, has also found his place beside Leibowitz.

This is the old battle between the two opposing class forces, in much sharper form. The action of the Negro ministers and certain Negro newspapers in supporting the Leibowitz gang has already met with sharp rebuff from many quarters. The mass movement is too deeply entrenched to be so easily displaced. These events have led to even greater upsurge in the mass movement, to the holding of parades, mass meetings and a large and enthusiastic Scottsboro Defense Conference in Harlem. A number of Negro newspapers have taken their stand unequivocally with the I.L.D., and even those which have supported Leibowitz have been forced, after the first flush of excitement, to be wary and even to print sharp letters and articles of protest against their position. The masses have learned much during the three and one-half year battle against the N.A.A.C.P. and other bourgeois and reformist elements. The issue which is paramount was expressed clearly by William N. Jones, of the Baltimore Afro-American: "It would be one of the greatest tragedies in the struggle for Negro rights in this country to divert or destroy the tremendous influence set up by the I.L.D. around the Scottsboro Case." The question of the Scottsboro Case is no more nor less than the question of the struggle for Negro rights, of the whole Negro liberation movement. Around it hinges the further development and growth of that movement.

But while the Negro ministers are being counted upon to hold the fort among the Negro masses, wider maneuvers and developments are taking place. As we have already seen, the State of Alabama is a silent but powerful ally of the Leibowitz crew. But the Federal Government itself is directly involved because of the world-wide proportions the case has assumed, its growing social and political importance, and the "embarrassment" occasioned by the fact that a Democratic Party government, a good part of whose strength lies in the South, is bombarded with continual protest from all parts of the country. Furthermore, the concerted drive against the I.L.D. can only be conceived as a part of the general drive which is now taking place against the "Reds" as a whole, against all Left and revolutionary organizations. There is accordingly a movement on foot to take the case not only from the "Reds," but place it entirely under utterly "respectable," "American" auspices, high up under the wing of the Democratic Party. The Washington correspondent of the Afro-American reports that there are those in Washington who are "quietly looking around for a good liberal Southern Democrat with an Anglo-Saxon name to take over the defense" and indicates that such a find might be no other than John W. Davis, former Democratic presidential nominee.

These latest developments are accompanied by an unprecedented campaign in the South, not only against the Left organizations, but against the Negroes generally. Expecting a break-down of the Scottsboro mass defense movement as a result of Leibowitz's trickery and a weakening of the power of resistance among the Negro masses generally, the Bourbon South has taken on new confidence. In the course of the one week following the opening of the new attack on the Scottsboro defense there occurred:

The bombing of the home of John M. Davis, a white miner of Birmingham and Communist candidate for governor of Alabama; lynch threats against Rance Smith, Negro worker in the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co., opposing Thomas Knight, Jr., as Communist candidate for Lieutenant-Governor; Negro lynched in Darien, Ga.; mob terrorizes Negro population of Sikeston, Mo., attempting to run 300 Negroes out of town and attacking jail where three Negroes were held as suspects in death of a white man; in Dawson, Ga., a Negro woman is flogged by a mob to within an inch of her life, and another Negro is ordered out of town because he "dresses too well"; the students of a Negro public school in Birmingham flee from their desks on rumors, spread by the authorities, of a "Red bomb plot," etc., etc.

The Scottsboro Case has its roots deep in the conditions which produce these outrages, and any attack against the defense calls them forth in more gruesome form. The slogan of "ousting the Reds" can mean nothing else than crushing the mass movement, than launching an intensified fascist terror. For the Scottsboro Case itself is "Red," bursting with issues which can only call forth mass resentment and ever renewed waves of the mass movement. At this critical time, in the face of the concerted attack, any wavering on the part of the Scottsboro mass defense would only provide additional openings for the enemy. In those who feel the profound social issues involved in this case, the trickery of a Leibowitz should evoke the greatest anger and produce the keenest desire to weld the mass movement further. There must now be such an avalanche of protest, such a resurgence of the mass movement that there will be no doubt in anyone's mind as to where the real defense of the Scottsboro boys lies. Only in again defeating the agents of opposing class forces can there be any assurance of saving the Scottsboro boys.

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Correspondence

Sue and Be Damned

To The New Masses:

I received from your office, a complimentary copy of the October 23 issue of New Masses, which contains an article by John L. Spivak, correspondent of the Communist daily language newspaper, the Daily Worker.

This article is as mendacious, scurrilous, slanderous and libelous as usually emanate from a bunch of Godless apostate Jew and Gentile Communists and is in line with the policy of other Communist publications. It is a garbled account, second hand, of an alleged meeting or series of meetings of an alleged "Inner Circle" of the organization which I have the honor to head since 1919, long before Hitler came into power.

I absolutely refute the imputation that I have ever corresponded with Frank Shuller. I did not and do not know of the gentleman's existence.

I deny ever having solicited aid from any Hitlerites, nor have I spoken before any meetings of the so-called Friends of New Germany or for that matter before any other group that has as its single objective, the decrying of the Jew as a race.

Your filthy Communist rag will make an immediate retraction of the statement in the article that we issued confidential instructions, the details of which were conveniently omitted in the article because they did not exist, but yet alleged that these instructions covered attending "Jew and Communist" meetings, or I shall enter suit for libel, take this case into court and make you prove your allegations.

You Communist swine and character assassins, are directly responsible for promoting race hatred between whites and blacks; between Jew and Gentile; between Catholic and Protestant. We know you for what you are, and decent American citizens, having any powers of analysis, pay no attention to your vilification.

One of the principal objectives of the Communists is to attack patriotism and assail patriotic organizations, as anti-something or other, whereas the Communists use the "anti" vehicle to stir up class hatred, race hatred and the overthrow of our Constitutional form of government.

You will also immediately make retraction that I have given circulation to a circular, which you unqualifiedly declare I had broadcast in Chicago, entitled "AMERICANS OF GERMAN DESCENT TO THE FRONT," and, by inference, another poster captioned "DANGER! DO NOT ELECT A JEW FOR REPUBLICAN WARD COMMITTEEMAN!"

As for distributing that bone of contention—the Protocols—allegedly a world-wide Jewish plot, that document can be purchased in department stores in the City of Chicago, various booksellers, and is printed in a cheap edition at Dallas, Texas.

Ordinarily such a lying scurrilous, libelous article, as is John L. Spivak's, would be beneath the dignity of receiving a reply from this organization, but under the circumstances, the intent of the objectives of you filthy Communists cannot be overlooked.

WHO SAID THERE IS NO COMMUNISM???

A rag, such as the New Masses, that has to make a periodic nationwide appeal for funds to continue its existence, needs something sensational for the neurotics to feed upon and we propose to see to it whether the American people will tolerate the continued existence of such literary miscegenates.

A Communist to me is a Communist whether he is a Jew, a Gentile, a Mohammedan, or what have you, and that goes double, if any of you swine want to make an issue of it.

It is unfortunate that you Communists are so adroit in your maneuvering that you imposed upon a Committee of the Congress, whose activities were supported by taxpayers' money.

I have plenty of friends of Jewish extraction—not Communists—who have no sympathy for their co-religionists who profess to the ideals of a purloined, blood-stained, rotten, maggot philosophy such as Communism.

A copy of this letter is going to certain American citizens of both Jewish and Gentile extraction, mentioned in your scurrilous article, together with a letter, so that they may know exactly what the New Masses is.

We have a complete record of the revolutionary activities of all of the Communist editors of New Masses and its many nitwit revolutionary writers and lascivious-minded cartoonists.

I have written you in the only language that Communists can understand.

Harry A. Jung,
Honorary General Manager.
American Vigilant Intelligence Federation.
Chicago, Oct. 23.

[The New Masses has no intention of retracting any of the charges made, for they are all accurate. We have more material about Mr. Jung's anti-semitic and anti-labor activities than we have published, and would welcome an opportunity to put Mr. Jung on the witness stand.—The Editors.]

For Defense of Chinese Soviets

To The New Masses:

The majority of the American people is still not aware that the United States government is involved in a war of intervention against the national liberation struggles of the Chinese people. If the Nanking government were to lose the support of the imperialist powers it could not last for a day before the rage of the masses and the Chinese Red Army.

Munitions, money, and even the actual direction (by "advisers" and the furnishing of a whole general staff, headed by General von Seeckt, to the army) of the terrorist and military campaigns against the Chinese people come from the imperialists. The Chinese masses are the victims: they pay for the intervention; they do the fighting which is intended to be to the advantage of the imperialists; they are the ones who are murdered, tortured.

The United States plays an important role in this intervention. More than 150 American and Canadian aviators have been loaned to the Nanking government. The $50,000,000 wheat and cotton loan, the proceeds of which went to finance the sixth anti-Chinese Soviet campaign, and $40,000,000 more in credit for the purchase of aircraft in the United States, is only part of the financing of the attacks against the Chinese people.

The direct participation of the United States government in the war against the Chinese people cannot be denied. An illuminating incident has come to light in connection with the sale of the Boeing Type P-26 fighter, the "fastest and most formidable pursuit plane ever seen in this part of the world" to the Nanking government. The demonstrator of this plane was "a special pursuit pilot, Edward Dorsey, who has been given a short leave from the United States Army Air Corps to demonstrate in China the new type of military tactics of which this airplane is capable." Certainly a close link!

It is in this setting of actual imperialist intervention against the national liberation struggles of the Chinese masses that the Conference on the Far East, organized by the Friends of the Chinese People, took place on October 28. The Conference was organized to establish a minimum program involving the largest number of organizations on the broadest front for concrete action against imperialist intervention, and particularly American.

More than 189,000 people were represented by 108 delegates from 61 organizations. Resolutions were adopted aiming at action to end imperialist intervention, and to initiate and develop mass actions in the United States for the support of the national liberation struggles of the Chinese people. The Conference went on record as being for the defense of the U.S.S.R. and Soviet China.

This militant conference should be supported by every fighter against imperialist war. It must be developed into a nation-wide movement demanding the end of American intervention in China by insisting on the stoppage of American loans to Chinese militarists, the cessation of munitions shipments to them, by demanding the withdrawal of all American armed forces in China, and of "advisors" and military experts.

Conrad Komorowski.

A Fake Housing Act

To The New Masses:

The National Housing Act is a fake in name and fact. "Housing" here means the government's guaranteeing, up to 20 percent of their face value, loans made by banks to home owners for renovations and repairs. The sum advanced must be not less than $100 nor more than $2,500; 5 percent interest is allowed, payable *in advance;* repayments are to be made in monthly instalments over a period not exceeding 3 years. The borrower must have a "stated bona fide source of annual income, at the time of the application, at least equal to 5 times the annual payments." There are some real loan shark penalties such as a 5 percent late charge for each payment more than 15 days past due, 15 percent attorney's fees, and a 5-percent collection charge if a judgment is not immediately paid. The property to be improved must be clear of mortgage and tax delinquencies unless the lender, in its discretion, chooses to overlook the point.

In August, when the act was "put into effect," it was loudly proclaimed as the "keystone of all recovery activities" which would bring "reemployment of millions of men and billions of capital" and would work "like the rolling snowball." The October report of Administrator Moffet shows 10,480 loans amounting to $4,600,000, an average of $443. The borrower's income averages about $2,711 and the maturity is 26 months, making an annual repayment of about $200. This means that the banks have insisted that the income be 13 times the annual payment and not 5 times as the regulations provide. No wonder, then, that so few have obtained loans, even though 16,000,000 homes are in need of repairs. The disappointing result, says Moffet, is due to the banks' lack of familiarity with the program. That is ridiculous because he sent explanatory circulars to 15,000 banks early in August. The "real" reason is, as Jesse Jones of the R.F.C. says, that there is a lack of demand for "good loans."

The government tells the banks to lend but it is more stingy than they. Roosevelt and the banks have publicly become great pals on the matter of "easing credit" although they keep the purse-strings knotted.

Simon Goldman.

An Appeal from Granville Hicks

To The New Masses:

For some time I have been working on a biography of John Reed. Many of his friends have generously written or related to me their recollection of him, and have lent me letters. I have not had time, however, to get in touch with all the persons that I know were acquainted with him, and he must have had many friends whose names or addresses I do not know.

I shall be very grateful for whatever assistance readers of The New Masses can give me. I want to make this biography definite, and I shall welcome every scrap of information. Letters from Reed, which I am very eager to secure, will be copied and promptly returned.

I appeal to all those who knew Jack Reed and, indeed, to all friends of the revolutionary movement to help me to make this biography worthy of its subject.

Letters should be addressed to me at 2263 Burdett Avenue, Troy, N. Y.

Granville Hicks.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

The Vigorous Abandon of Max Eastman's Mind

IN HER article on "Communism and Romanticism" in THE NEW MASSES for September 25 Genevieve Taggard said a number of exceedingly shrewd things about the romantic temperament and its dangers for the revolutionary movement. It seemed to me that her chief fault was too lenient a treatment of the humanist or, as she called it, classicist position. We have even less in common with the humanists than we have with the romanticists. Perhaps all that we share with them is an understanding of the complete decadence of the romantic movement, and even there we differ since, as Miss Taggard's article shows, we can appreciate the historic importance and genuine virtues of the founders of the movement at the same time that we recognize the sterility of their present-day followers.

In her diagnosis of the romantic nature Miss Taggard said: "This godlike type, this poet who is a law unto himself, who is above life, in his opinion, and above material limitation, this person who pretends to be free of human limitations and free of the need to accomplish realities with his fellows, can only feed his audience with the fiction of personality, the decay of those convictions that once fought for a free market, free competition, laissez-faire, and all the rest of it." "Is there any room in Communism," she inquired, "for the eternal rebel, the Shelleyesque protagonist, the ethereal creature who flies forever in an azure mist away from reality?"

Reading these and similar lines, I thought of various romanticists of the present day, and of what has happened to them. I thought of the poems, pretty little things, about love and spring and love, that Max Eastman used to write at the very time that he was editing the Masses and the Liberator. I remembered his novel, *Venture,* in which the class struggle somehow gets lost in the lustrous light of feminine eyes and in the meanderings of a Nietzschean businessman. I recalled his recantation at the second Masses trial, which Miss Taggard herself has described in her preface to *May Days*. And I thought of him crusading today on behalf of the downtrodden artists of Russia, still the eternal rebel, flying in an azure mist.

These thoughts have recurred to me as I read *Art and the Life of Action* (Knopf, $2). The book contains two or three book reviews and some travel sketches, but it is interesting chiefly because of the long essay that gives it its title. This essay I have examined with as much objectivity as I could muster, trying to read it as if it were by an unknown writer and not by the author of *Artists in Uniform*. It is a notable statement of the esthetics of romanticism in an age of revolution.

Much of the essay is concerned with describing the various uses attributed to art in the past. For some strange reason, according to Mr. Eastman, men have been unwilling to accept art as its own justification, and they have therefore invoked certain sanctions for it, such as magic, religion, education, and the like. These sanctions, he argues, are no longer valid. It is now seen that art exists "for its own sake and because of the pure desire to have and focus and intensify experience," and only "the dupes of practicality, those joyless adults who can never have been children," will ignore this fact. The "major and defining purpose" of artists is "to live life and communicate it," and they must resist any effort to control the "vivid life and vigorous abandon of a poet's mind."

This notion that art is somehow set apart from the rest of life is not, of course, peculiar to Mr. Eastman. Nevertheless, as his own analysis shows, it has not been and is not the prevailing view. The fact that there have been scores of different conceptions of the function of art is taken by him to indicate that art has no function. It would seem to me, on the other hand, to demonstrate that the majority of men in all times have been aware of the profound and far-reaching influences of art. What they have all expressed, in their various ways, is the conviction that art does something.

Mr. Eastman will say, I suppose, that in his view too art does something: it focuses and intensifies experience, and that is enough. But experience, whenever he speaks of it in this essay, is always treated as if it were made up of isolated, independent experiences. It is a good thing, he says, to heighten the consciousness of any person, and of course this is true; but actually to heighten a person's consciousness of some thing or some event involves the awakening of a perception of the relations of that thing or event to other things or events. Science, says Mr. Eastman, conceives things in their relations, art in their qualities. What qualities are or can be apart from their relations he does not bother to state.

Exactly what is the quality of wine apart from the eye, nose, palate, and brain of the drinker? And from immediate relations such as these one is inevitably carried to more involved relations: the consequences of the wine in the drinker's mood, the responses of his companions to his mood, the effect of their intercourse on their action. The writer cannot reveal all the innumerable relations that define any given experience, but he must portray some of them if he is to be articulate—even Mr. Eastman admits that "pure" realization is "perhaps" impossible — and by and large the further he pursues his revelation, the more impressive it will be.

It is because art is concerned with relations, and not with some abstraction called "qualities," that it refuses to stay cooped up in the little compartment to which Mr. Eastman relegates it. The artist's perception of relations comes sooner or later to have some effect on our own perceptions. His perception is neither identical with nor yet a substitute for the perception of the scientist. On the one hand it is not limited to the scientist's terms; on the other it is not excluded from using them. (One of the founders of romanticism, William Wordsworth, saw the fallacy of Mr. Eastman's romantic barrier between science and art.) The artist's perception is, of course, more like that of everyday life than that of the laboratory, though at its best it has something of both.

What the artist does to us and for us by setting forth his particular vision of life is not easy to define. He alters, in some degree or other, our modes of seeing and feeling. Thus he changes our response to events, and this in turn affects our actions. I. A. Richards, in *Principles of Literary Criticism*, gives an account of this process that seems to me largely sound as far as it goes. Mr. Eastman does not like Richards' account, partly, it appears, because it bears some resemblance to Bukharin's. Both Richards and Bukharin recognize that a work of art changes us, and that it is necessary for the critic to ask what the change has been and whether it is desirable. They naturally differ on what is desirable.

But Eastman will have none of this. Science, he says, does all the serious work, and science and art are incompatible. It is a splendid idea, for him, for it establishes the complete irresponsibility of the artist. "There is no clearer line of demarcation among human types," he states, "than that between the artist and the man of action." "The art for art's sake formula," we are told, "however meagre as a program, was unimpeachable as a statement of fact." "Artists," he inevitably concludes, "should not only refuse to join a practical organization, but should do so with a reliant pride capable of resisting any attempts upon the part of such an organization to direct their work." He admits, reluctantly, that "art's heroic ages have been those in which it was not conscious of itself as art at all, but was a devoted service to some great aim." He believes, however, that this evidence of artistic backwardness can be outgrown. The artist must learn to devote himself in solitary splendor to pure experience.

Of course Mr. Eastman rejects the Marxian conception of the class basis of art, for that, since he pretends to be a revolutionary, would interfere with his romantic irresponsibility. As evidence that art is neutral he cites

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the Rockefellers' appreciation of Rivera's frescoes. He argues that, just as both proletarians and bourgeois "drink tea or coffee and reject a dose of mustard," so there are "works of art, and elements of art, irrelevant to the class struggle." Of course there are, but the question is whether these irrelevant elements have any importance, or even can be understood, apart from the elements that are decidedly relevant to the class struggle. Only such "art" as one finds in Mr. Eastman's insipid verses is content to limit itself to the drinking of tea and coffee.

From beginning to end, *Art and the Life of Action* expresses the stalest kind of romanticism, precisely the kind Miss Taggard eloquently attacked. But it will, I suppose, serve its purpose, and will receive fulsome praise from the capitalist press, which was so delighted by the author's *Artists in Uniform*. The little phrases about revolution will not trouble even J. Donald Adams, who may be stupid but knows an ally when he sees one.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

A Part of Our Folk Literature

American Ballads and Folk Songs. Collected and Compiled by John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax. Macmillan Company. $5.

SIDE by side with a native belles-lettres, an indigenous folk-literature has arisen in this country. The first, created by "professional" men of letters has been—until recently—permeated with the beliefs of the upper and lower tiers of the American bourgeoisie. The second, composed by the "unlettered" laboring masses, has dealt with their every-day experiences and their reflections while at work.

This oral literature produced by the American farmer and worker includes chanteys of Maine fishermen, ballads of the Pennsylvania hard-coal miners, songs of the "shanty-boy" in the old lumber camps of Michigan and Minnesota, the minstrelsy of the Southern mountaineers, Negro workaday songs, cowboy tunes, songs of migratory harvest hands, tales of the loggers and metal miners of the Northwest, etc. Wrought within an expanding industrial bourgeois society, these folk-songs have been largely the expression of a class *in itself* rather than *for itself*—to use the Marxian classification which distinguishes a proletariat unaware of its historic role from one already class-conscious. Sometimes, even the alien class ideas, foisted by the reformist labor movement, have crept into these songs.

However, as a rule most of these folk-songs deal in an empirical manner with the daily life of the workers. Songs of this type in the new Lomax collection record the drudgery; ("A-levelin' up the road bed ain't no fun, Nor a-drivin' down the spikes in the boilin' sun"); some, the dangers of their jobs ("He's only a miner, been killed underground") some are random reflections ("Ain't but de one thing I done wrong, Stayed in Mis'sippi jes' a day too long"); some are day-dreams of better times ("No more shall I work in the factory"); some record occupational feats ("Dat nigger from Shiloh Can pick a bale a day"); some are ballads of American Robin Hoods like Sam Bass of the Southwest and Heraclio Bernal of Northwestern Mexico ("Heraclio Bernal would say, when he met a muleteer, that he did not rob the poor, but rather gave them money"); tall tales of adventure ("Tying a knot in the devil's tail") and ribaldry ("Out on the prairie one bright starry night They broke the whisky and Betsy got tight"), etc.

These songs are rough, homespun workers' products—no "professional" rhyming, no literary slickness. The melodies are born out of the rhythms of their labor. A number of references in *American Ballads and Folk-Songs* indicates this relationship. Some of the notes read: "The accents mark the ax-blows of a group of four men, who are chopping down a tree"; "The 'hanhs' represent the violent exhalations of breath that occur when the point of the pick sinks into the earth"; "Canal-boat mule drivers sang for precisely the same reason that cowboys yodeled and sang when riding around at night . . . in order to keep awake and secure entertainment out of their monotonous duties"; "Chanties by the Negro stevedores in the Gulf ports . . . were developed as an aid in stowing cotton."

Messrs. Lomax do not mention, however, how songs of Negro laborers, for example, are now used as speed up measures. This music originally an expression of the life of the workers is now an overseer's whip to make his gang "hustle." Frequently the song-leader of a work-gang is paid to "liven up" the tune to boost the amount of work done.

Despite the political naïveté of the American laboring masses, a mood of spontaneous revolt frequently flares up in their oral literature. After all, these songs deal with their every-day lives, and it is inevitable that they should contain references to their oppression. There are a few examples of this attitude in the Lomax collection. "De Ballit of de Boll Weevil"—first made into a song by Texas Negroes, then lengthening "as the Boll Weevil journeyed on eastward by easy stages to the Atlantic Ocean"—contains a stanza which reveals the revolutionary sentiments of the Negro sharecroppers:

> Oh, de Farmer say to de Merchant,
> "I ain' made but only one bale,
> An' befo' I bring yo' dat one
> I'll fight an' go to jail."

Negro songs frequently break out against exploitation:

> Oh, de ol' folks tell us dat de right will win;
> We're on an eight-hour system, an' de cap'n
> works us ten.
>
> Well, if I had my weight in lime,
> I'd whip my cap'n till he wen' stone blin'.
>
> Ef you work all de week
> An' work all de time,
> White man sho' to bring a
> Nigger out behin'.

In addition to these, *American Ballads and Folk Songs* contains some lyrics written just after the Nat Turner insurrection when the Negroes "were put under special restriction to home quarters, and patrolmen appointed to keep them in, and if caught without a pass from owner they were dealt with severely then and there." They tell about the slave who mourns:

> My ol' Miss, she prommus me
> Dat when she die, she set me free;
> But she done dead dis many year ago,
> En yer I'm hoein' de same ol' row!

But he looks forward to the day when he shall rise and fight for his freedom:

> But some er dese days my time will come,
> I'll year dat bugle, I'll year dat drum,
> I'll see dem armies a marchin' along,
> I'll lif' my head en jine dere song—

Another item in the Lomax volume is "The Buffalo Skinners," a pioneer ballad describing how seven men were hired with promises of good wages and food that were never made good, and suffered patiently until:

> The season being near over, old Crego he did say
> The crowd had been extravagant, was in debt to
> him that day.
> We coaxed him and we begged him, and still it
> was no go—
> We left his damned old bones to bleach on the
> range of the buffalo.

However, there are only a few scattered instances of the sort in this volume. Messrs. Lomax seem to have shied away from most of the folk-songs which reflect, even spontaneously, the feeling of the workers toward their bosses. Moreover, they appear to be entirely unaware of the revolutionary folk-literature that has been a part of the American labor movement since mill girls used song and verse as ammunition in their strike struggles over a hundred years ago. For example, they include a number of songs under the heading, "Working on the Railroad," but omit such indigenous pieces as the Wobbly "Scabbing on the S.P. Line," or the earlier battle-song of the American Railway Union which engineered the Pullman strike under Debs' leadership. There is a section, "Songs from the Mountains," containing lyrics collected in Harlan, Kentucky, but neither "Hungry Miners' Blues" nor the "ballits" of the Southern textile weavers are included. They do not draw upon the balladry of the Pennsylvania "Molly Maguires," although there is a group of songs captioned, "The Miner." They leave out the Wobbly songs of the fields and factories, except a version of "Hallelujah I'm a Bum" ("Why don't you work like other men do? How the hell we going to work when there ain't no work to

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do?"). They might have done an interesting piece of research in tracing the versions of the popular labor song, "Hold the Fort," from the time when the K. of L. sang "Storm the fort, ye Knights of Labor," to the present day.

But class-visioned Messrs. Lomax have become organically incapable of "seeing" such material. Just as the real struggles of the American workers and farmers have never been uncovered by orthodox American historians, so the task of digging up our revolutionary folk-ballads remains a job that has scarcely been started. Nevertheless, this work is of importance not only in the field of folk-literature, but as first-hand evidence in revealing the revolutionary tradition of the American proletariat. For folk-literature, much more directly than belles-lettres, reflects the society in which it is created and the beliefs of the class by whom it is composed.

ALAN CALMER.

A Few Jokes for Babbitt

WASN'T THE DEPRESSION TERRIBLE? by Otto Soglow and David G. Plotkin. 110 Illustrations. Covici-Friede. $2.

AS the title indicates, the book of cartoons deals with an immediate social-economic situation. Whether it is humor or not, and consequently whether it is an artistic work or not, depends entirely on the class point of view. There is no such thing as humor in general; humor is for one class or for another. The question is whether this book is satire for the working-class or superficial cartoons to amuse the well to do.

The answer is unequivocal. The book is a typical product of a petit bourgeois artist. Its object is to tickle a haggard but counter-revolutionary middle-class. The title says that the depression is a thing of the past. According to Soglow and Plotkin it was rather bad for the rich. Their heart-rending plight is the subject matter of 95 percent of the cartoons. When workers appear they are ragged members of the lumpen proletariat, panhandling or waiting for soup. In one drawing an unemployed refuses to accept spinach at a relief station; in another the wife of an unemployed worker complains that her husband who had been in the habit of beating her on paydays was now paying her no attention; in a third an unemployed refuses to take on a job because it would spoil his record; and in a fourth, a citizen of a Hooverville cheers at the sight of a burglar there because he takes it as a sign of returning prosperity. So much for the economic plight of the working-class in the depression.

When the authors satirize the rich their intent is to tickle Babbitt but not to annoy him. The satire is never sharp, surprising, sweeping or fundamental. It is in line with the policy of the New Yorker literary caterers to the smart set. The jokes should be risque within "reasonable" limits, a bit "advanced," teasing the more apparent snobberies but leaving basic social relationships untouched.

But Soglow and Plotkin are aware that the depression intensifies struggles and that the working-class learns in the process certain political lessons. There are three cartoons featuring "radicals" in the form of the traditional caricatures of Communists appearing in the yellow press or of the Nazi standard representations of a wild Jew-Marxist-Bolshevik individual—floppy hat, curly hair, spectacles, long nose, lunatic expression and all. By that the reader can understand the "definite class angle slant at this slightly cock-eyed universe" that the authors refer to in the smart introduction. This is further carried on by a cartoon, worthy of the editorial page of the gutter press, representing an angelic cop on horseback surrounded by a group of distraught and decrepit individuals carrying a banner "Hunger Marchers Fight the Cossack Police."

Works that presume to be a part of culture must represent the ideas and interests of the individuals creating them just as they mirror what we call broadly the times. It is precisely for this reason that the notions of a pure art or a pure humor or a pure ethics are ridiculous. The satire of a Hitler or Goering cannot have anything in common with the satire of Vol-

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taire, Swift, Daumier, Hasek (author of *The Good Soldier Schweik*), Ilf and Petrov, etc. As they think so they laugh.

It is clear that as the lives and struggles of workers are unknown to Soglow and Plotkin, so the native insight, wit, irony and of the exploited, particularly abundant in this period of disillusion and struggle are equally unknown to them. The humor of Soglow and Plotkin not only lacks sympathy for the working-class but is in fact antagonistic and vicious. In a similar way, for example, Hollywood, abysmally ignorant of the powerful wit and bitter satire developed by the Negro people, uses the Negro only for slap-stick comedy. In fact, ridicule of the Negro is the only thing missing in this book to complete the anthology of what Babbitt laughs at.

The crisis has produced unexpected changes in various strata of the population, a situation readily amenable to humor. It has produced new struggles, new alignments. In times such as these it is well known that, because of the keener general interest in politics and economic events, folk wit grows and the humor and satire of the masses ripen. Witness the body of sharp wit dealing with the Five Year Plan circulating in the Soviet Union and outside of it, the jokes on Hitler, Dollfuss, Mussolini, etc., etc.

Whenever the people, particularly the workers, come in contact with events that affect them deeply they respond with a rich humor which is fertile soil for the cartoonist. Soglow and Plotkin chose the penthouse parlor instead. Their work shows its comfort, but also its emptiness. Had they been of the workers, had they been familiar with working class life, struggles and laughter, their skill would assume meaning in the more vital exercise of its functions In this book they are drowned in a sea of banality. MARK LAND.

Up and Down the Furrow

Man with a Bull-Tongue Plough, by Jesse Stuart. Dutton.

THE American white farm has been poor in cultural production of any kind, but especially in indigenous poetry. It is pretty well established that the best folk songs of such regions as the Kentucky and Ozark mountains are older than the settlements themselves and are of British origin. Native work has seldom been of a higher order than doggerel, in spite of the fact that in the colloquial speech of many localities there is rich beauty and startling idiom. For this reason, the book under review is important. Here is a conscious effort to produce an epic of the hill peasantry, the dirt-farmer, share-cropper and other folk of backward rural America.

The result is authentically a proletarian epic, though not a class conscious one. It heaps up and piles on and pours detail after detail of that toiling life in the hot sun, until you smell the turned earth, hear the old men and women speak, feel the burning heat. Up and down the furrow you walk with this poet, seeing the whole scene, in infinite added minutiae. To him the whole of life is that the earth wears out strong men and tears the youth and dreams from children and sucks the marrow of gaunt brown women. He never escapes from the tyrannical, grasping soil, the life-eater, regarded with fear, love and hatred, but never with indifference. He pursues this theme of the earth swallowing generations of men, even to the graveyard.

The very monotony of land is the monotony from which his rhythm suffers. He brags, shouts, talks to himself, repeats too much, and grows too gloomy about death; but these are the ways a man acquires toward horses, oxen, miles, and "hot burley loam." The faults of this poet are the characteristics of his people. He has their kind of sophistication, which is that of knowing at first hand every human vice and aberration, of knowing the neighbor and fellow worker more thoroughly than urban or middle class people ever know each other. He also romanticizes the natives and tries to throw a glamor over his own life that it does not possess in fact. What are these people like? There is a leaky house, a grizzled pa, an angular mother, a number of daughters, fewer sons. Beyond this house, and its twenty acres, or beyond the creek there is somebody else's land. The boys and girls range out in all directions, climb the hills, catch snakes, trap birds, shoot, fish. For long hours they sit under the sycamores or scrub-oaks bandying fantastic and superstitious information. They fear nothing natural, they handle living, squirming things all their lives. Their thoughts are not always natural, but often mean, ingenious, nasty.

They have a fine heart-to-heart friendliness that yields only after a delicate and easily wounded pride has been set at rest. They are not always good physical specimens, and wear out young. Their vague dreams are peculiarly tragic because they see no outlet to the attainment of them. But since the auto has taken the cities to them, the girls look gaudy and out-of-place in print cotton and lipstick. They are dull, these toilers, to themselves. They know a lot of things not out of books, but they cannot express their knowledge and it seems to them too stupid to be spoken of. They have queer fathers, eccentric daughters, violent brothers. Incestuous relationships are common. They always feel the hand of the big owner, beating them down, raping their few hopes, and with his swank ways, coming into their country, taking the profit out of their soil, their coal, their iron, their blood, and making them seem silly —shooting them if they revolt. Jesse Stuart is not unaware of this harsh class war, he

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writes of miners, of plundered tenants, of starved kids; but much of the reality of hall-life is glossed over by his romanticism, his boasts of individual strength and self-sufficiency. And the reason is that this proletarian work, with all its power and freshness, ignores the real cause of these ruined existences. It is cluttered with aimless tales, sentimental evasions, rambling redundancy. The poet disregards form, technique, structure, although there is plenty of evidence that he can be deliberate.

What a pity this book was not written by a class conscious writer. The mere understanding of the irresistible logic that sweeps on toward a farmers' and workers' revolution would have ordered Stuart's abundant and robust talent, and given this piece of natural literature a terrifying power, an influence far beyond what it can now exercise. As it is, one dreads what may happen to the book and author. Just as in 1930, coincident with the rising struggles against unemployment, people spread stories of the he-men who had come from impoverished families of fourteen and fought the battle of success, and the papers devoted acres of space to tales of personal heroism, of families carrying on in "sterling independence," and "disdaining the dole," to the eternal salvation of their souls and the capitalist's profit, Jesse Stuart, dirt-farmer and genuine native oet, will be made a symbol of the virtue of peasant independence and rugged individuality. Just as the cruelly exploited Burns, fighting famine on four palms of malignant soil, was taken up by Edinburgh and London society of his day, and made to father a vicious landlord philosophy of "rural liberty" ever since, so will this Kentucky mountain poet be shown off as a true limb of the tree of American pride. The author has given grounds for this kind of reception. While he points to the losing struggle of his kind, to the empty-handed finish of the generations, he also rejoices in "his" land, "his" muscles, "his" conquering self. He only dimly senses his real entrapment and subjection, he feels only as much class pride as will enable him to despise his college degree, the intellectuals of the city, and the industrial machine. The Kentucky Negro is entirely absent from this work.

There is hope for Jesse Stuart. He cannot repeat himself, he cannot move backward. In his present direction he has already said everything there is to be said, with these 703 loosely organized, irregular but strangely pulsing sonnets. Perhaps he can only go forward to poetry of a more revolutionary content.

ORRICK JOHNS.

Brief Review

PEACE WITH HONOUR, by A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton and Co. $2.

Milne is "trying to persuade other people to feel as deeply as I do about war"; if sincerity were the gauge of effectiveness he might be of great value. Unfortunately his indignation about the shams of "honour" and "national prestige" is hobbled by an innocence far exceeding that of Christopher Robin. For A. A. Milne has the idea that "if MacDonald were Milne, and Mussolini were Milne, and Stalin were Milne, and Hitler were Milne," and "if Beaverbrook and Rothermere were Milne," and "if only the Pope were Milne, and the Archbishop of Canterbury were Milne, then it is at least possible that there would be no more war in Europe." His whole book is geared to the belief that war is up to forty leading gentlemen with mitres, newspapers and governmental portfolios. One is Stalin.

Let us meet credulity with credulity and suppose, just suppose, that Milne were all of these great men. His initial good intentions cannot be doubted but we know to what they would be subjected. We know that Premier Milne would act under the pressure of economic forces which Charming Fantasist Milne unbelievably knows nothing about. We know how soon the owners of steel and cotton would teach him the facts of possession and exploitation and how soon he would give over to aggressive imperialism if he wanted to retain his pleasant powers. And we know that if he remained wholly devoted to the struggle against war neither his shrewd colleagues nor the workers would be surprised to see him one day hotfooting it out of Downing Street on the way to the camp of John Strachey.

PAPA PASQUIER, by Georges Duhamel. Translated from the French by Samuel Putnam. Harper and Brothers. $2.

The people described by Duhamel in his latest novel have played a special role in French bourgeois society. They were petty bourgeois who voluntarily endured a miserable material existence under the illusion that their work would raise them above their class. In reality they were only furnishing to capitalism the skilled technicians, engineers, bureaucrats and school teachers which the ruling classes needed to maintain and organize their rule. But Duhamel does not understand the social function of their particular kind of day-dreaming. For him, the story of the hardships and disillusionments of the Pasquier family is but a pretext to assert some old truths, like the one that "one must only count on one's own effort in order to be happy," etc. This moral conclusion is quite in harmony with Duhamel's philosophy of life expressed in his previous sociological essays. It is quite unfair to compare Duhamel to Dickens, as do the bourgeois critics; the genuine protestation against social injustice and the love for the oppressed underlying Dickens' novels are very superior to Duhamel's meek denunciations of the machines (which he considers as the cause of all our evils) and his naive nostalgia for the good old times when cities were less noisy and the poor found more consolation than today in moral dignity. What is Dickensian in *Papa Pasquier* is the conventionality of its characters. Especially irritating is the Eternal Mother who is all virtue, self-sacrifice, forgiveness and suppressed sighs and who, in addition, does all the housework. Duhamel had at his disposal an interesting theme, but his vision is very limited; despite its great literary qualities, *Papa Pasquier* is a second rate novel.

THE WHITE MONK OF TIMBUCTOO, by William Seabrook. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Co. $3.

Seabrook has just the dashing, personal style that every travel writer hopeful of doing better than another literary postcard strives for. In this volume he biographs a French missionary who unfrocked himself, married a rich Negress, and became a big shot in Timbuctoo, an official, a slave owner, and a valuable instrument of French imperialism, crowning his services in that direction, by assisting in the foundation of a university where a native petit-bourgeoisie, serviceable to French imperialism could be trained and loyalized. The significance of such a career Seabrook ignores, though in consequence his character drawing becomes mere silhouette. Seabrook retains his admiration for individuality, for maleness, that peculiar late romanticism of capitalism which so attempted a justification of its anarchy. However, his Yacouba, magnificent bull of a man, stands in the end rather bewildered in his pasture. He has missed "happiness and peace of soul." One detects in the wistful finis of this book skepticism gnawing in the heart of an outstanding devotee of the religion of individuality.

REVELATIONS OF A PRISON DOCTOR, by Louis Berg. Minton, Balch. $2.50.

Insane men and the diseased mingling freely with the saner and healthier inmates, sexual perverts and dope fiends teaching their tricks to boys, guards smuggling drugs into the prison to be peddled by gangsters who wield more power than the warden—these, and many other crimes, are reported by the former senior medical officers of the New York County Penitentiary and Workhouse on Welfare Island.

Dr. Berg is the author of *Prison Doctor,* a novel which created a mild sensation about two years ago. Last February he was one of the investigators who exposed the rottenness on Welfare Island. But with all his knowledge, and all his apparent desire to be honest, Dr. Berg falls short of a real exposé.

One knows, upon reading his book, that he knows enough to trace the shocking conditions he describes to their economic roots. One is fairly certain, too, that Dr. Berg could offer a cure more fundamental and less puerile than the credo of a humanitarian. But he pulls his punches. Some day when he gets up sufficient courage to go to the root and to point to the lessons in penology worked out in the prison camps in the Soviet Union, Dr. Berg might make that genuine contribution for which his experience has fitted him.

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Speak to Me of Love

ROBERT FORSYTHE

WHEN you speak of the French in America, you must distinguish between the French themselves and the native Iowans who are enraptured by the merest twitter of a Parisian accent. At the moment there is agitation among those Americans who feel that no novel is good unless it be a French novel in a paper back. The causes of this are Lucienne Boyer and Yvonne Printemps, who are with us for the season, or, more exactly, during that portion of the season in which the box office feels the need of their tenure.

Both of them have been here previously—Mlle. Boyer in an ill-fated venture with les frères Shubert called *A Night in Paris,* which was on the Century Roof some years ago, and Mlle. Printemps with her former husband, Sascha Guitry, in a short season which preceded the lamented happenings of October, 1929, and which is still remembered with awe by the light-footed hoofers who congregate in front of the Palace on Forty-seventh Street as the opening which cost $27 a seat. Comparable excitement was caused by the appearance of Raquel Meller even further back and the French must find the Americans amusing.

Mlle. Boyer is now singing her sad little songs of unrequited love in the *Continental Varieties* at the Little Theatre and is appearing as well at the Rainbow Roof on top of Radio City. Mlle. Printemps is in Noel Coward's *Conversation Piece* at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. What distinguishes a show in which a French actress appears from a show in which Miss Helen Hayes appears is the audience. The Theatre Guild patrons who saw Miss Hayes last year in *Mary of Scotland* had the air of a busload of teachers intent on seeing every museum and church in town. The audience which saw Mlle. Printemps opening last week was composed of ladies and gentlemen so unbelievably gowned and bedecked that anybody turning around in the theatre would never again be able to get his attention on the stage. It was a group which came late and rustled down the aisles and climbed over seat holders and acted in the delightfully ill-mannered habit of the rich. My only pleasure was in kicking a gentleman as he went by and accepting his apology for his clumsiness.

What struck me on my two contacts with the newcomers was the susceptibility of the excellent American male to the Parisian influence. Mlle. Boyer is no raging beauty and there is nothing so scandalous in her past as to warrant any hopes of conquest by the gentlemen in these parts, but she seems to have restored the age of the stage door johnnie. There are foolish looking fellows hovering about the runway to the dressing rooms with posies in their buttonholes, her dressing room is filled with flowers, she is bombarded with invitations and her mail is cluttered with mash notes. As against this we may report that she is in love with her pianist, who is well enough versed in the barbarian language to translate the notes to her.

If this is a matter of importance, the scenes within the theatre are no less striking. She finishes the first half of the program and comes on again later to close the show. What we have are the gay blades in shiny shirt fronts coming in just for the Boyer numbers and departing directly afterward. The show started at 9:15 with Chaliapin's daughter singing something so amateurish that you would run your own child out of the parlor for attempting it and the shiny gentlemen were still coming in as late as 10:45, creating some sort of record and a great deal of disturbance. During the intermission the lobby was filled with the French of people who had taken the course in High School and there was more rolling of eyes and placing of finger tips to lips than has been seen in this country since the visit of General Joffre.

What interested me most of all, however, was a gentleman who came in about 11 o'clock and stood in the aisle at the rear and gave forth genteel approval at the sight of Boyer. He was a trifle expanded at the waist but he had the frank honest look of a stock broker and it was plain that he had been hiding in the alley for an hour rather than appear before the lady came on. As he listened to the tender plaints of Mlle. Boyer, he jingled the coins in his pocket with such satisfaction as to quite drown out the words of the songs. In a sense he vindicated every cartoonist who ever lived, for you might have embroidered a dollar mark on his chest with full artistic justice and even with his consent. He was quite willing to spend $4.40 for the sake of standing in the aisle and showing that his sense of selectivity was such that only the exquisite had a right to his attention. Without expressing the feeling publicly, it was plain that the gentleman considered himself a figure out of Zola's *Nana.* I am reporting this at length to show that fashion is not dead and manners are not dead and that wealth will carry on the banner of culture.

The opening of *Conversation Piece* was even more extraordinary. The matter had been bruited about for weeks in advance and it was obvious that the drama was at last to get its opportunity in New York. The audience was composed in great part of ladies and gentlemen from the garment district, the editors and writers of fashion magazines and other interested parties concerned with the stealing of models brought over by Mlle. Printemps. As a sporting gesture and with the purpose of meeting Mlle. Printemps half way, the audience in turn allowed itself to be garbed in creations from Paris last year and the contest between stage and auditorium was such that Mr. Coward's masterpiece might as well have been played by a company of robots, which indeed it practically was. The cast mumbled in several languages and it was not clear what was going on, but the scenery was beautiful and the ladies of the cast wore short gloves of such brilliant hue that the members of the trade confined themselves to their pews only with an effort. You could sense a general desire to rush forth and confer with their designers.

In all, New York is something to be proud of these days. Just how it strikes the visitors is a matter of doubt. The English accept homage of this sort as a tribute due a superior race. The French, I am prepared to believe, take it much more cynically. Mlle. Boyer comes of a poor family, her father having been a machinist before he was killed in the war, and she is at no pains to disguise the fact of her lowly origin. She arrived in New York with 23 trunks and dozens of pieces of hand luggage and her expenditure for gowns runs into the thousands but there is every indication that she views her admirers among the socially favored with something less than reverence. Perhaps I am holding the lady too highly but I am basing it on the French capacity for reason; anyone who couldn't see through the people who are acting so Rue de la Paix every evening at the Little Theatre would not only fail to be French but would fail to be alive.

What will happen when Elizabeth Bergner arrives later in the year is almost too horrible to contemplate. It will not be so much the absence of the Nazis or the presence of Samuel Untermyer as it will be the attendance of American travelers who have seen Bergner in Berlin or in London and are most utterly convinced that only a true Bergnerite has any reason for being in the theatre. There is something about rich Americans who travel which can only be regarded as unfortunate. They combine a distaste for loud Babbitts who embarrass them in hotel dining rooms with a preciosity of their own which makes everything a mystic rite. If they have met Jean Cocteau or Alice B. Toklas, the result is even more calamitous. They are the sort

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of people who are enchanted by any German motion picture which appears at the Fifty-fifth Street playhouse, they feel that every French experimental movie is a masterpiece: that Andre Gide was the greatest man in French letters until he was ruined by Communism and that George Jean Nathan is a wit.

But what I really started out to tell you was about the gentleman who wore the velvet jacket to *Conversation Piece*. He looked elegant and I was at some pains to keep from stroking him. He kept my attention away from the performance about social conditions. I can see how a thing of that sort might be used by the Communists to undermine the present order, but I fail to see the significance of such reasoning. What in heaven's name would a man in a bread-line want with a velvet jacket?

Music

Bruckner and Beethoven

THE SECOND Philharmonic Concert with Otto Klemperer, conductor, presented two of the most imposing symphonic creations of all times, the Ninth (unfinished) of Bruckner and the Fifth of Beethoven.

In the presentation of these symphonies Klemperer did well not to adhere to chronological order. It would be difficult to imagine an audience remaining to listen to the Bruckner after the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven. Rarely did the Beethoven, so far antedating the Bruckner in its creation, seem so fresh, so compact in structure, so logical—so complete in the attainment of Beethoven's objectives: to portray the "struggle of the spirit against mankind's physical limitations . . . awakening man from his idealistic mirage. The spirit is all-powerful. . . . Even to this day, Beethoven is near to us; he is still capable of calling forth revolutionary enthusiasm by the ecstasy of his sounds, to awaken consciousness, revolutionize it with rebellious ideas, as well as uplift the activity of organisms and inject into them an orgy of happiness!"*

And by contrast with this true masterpiece of Beethoven, the Bruckner seems, both at the time and even more in retrospect, to be diffuse, pompous, futile in its mouthings of the ideas of Wagner, who was Bruckner's god. Familiar themes from the entire range of Wagner's music dramas pass in review—"lifted" in strangely assorted fragments from their original context—and how ghost-like and hollow are their reverberations! How tragic seem the vain strivings—the reminiscent throes of "Liebestod"—the eternal quest of the Holy Grail! Bruckner, foredoomed to frustration, reveals himself as a reactionary of colossal proportions, forever gazing longingly towards the past—the ideal—the unreal.

Klemperer conducted the Bruckner with evident devotion—a notable example of love's labor lost. The *Scherzo* (the most original section) lacked the diabolical character which makes it really exciting. The Beethoven came with such cumulative force, that the conductor and players, having rid themselves of Bruckner's excessive ballast, seemed to rejoice and revel in music which is surely as eloquent and pertinent in the 20th century as it must have seemed when it was first heard.

ASHLEY PETTIS.

* *History of Music in connection with the history of the class struggle*, by S. Tchemodanov.

New School Symposium

AT the New School for Social Research a symposium course called "Creative Music Today" is being conducted by Henry Cowell, one of the most adventurous of contemporary American composers. Last week Mr. Cowell presented Dr. Ernst Toch, prominent German composer, and Adolf Weiss, an American theoretician and composer who is one of the foremost exponents of the Schoenberg theories.

Dr. Toch, in the course of his brief remarks, confined himself primarily to the general theories of musical composition as distinguished from any particular "modernistic" doctrine. He simply repeated the very well-known and obvious fact that inspiration without technique is not conducive to the writing of good music and that technique without inspiration is equally futile. Dr. Toch looks upon music as being neither classical nor modern, but either good or bad. The external features of the art change while the basic ideas and qualities remain the same. In the playing of his compositions, a sonata for the piano in three movements and five capriccietoes, Toch revealed the narrowness and remoteness of his viewpoint. This music is extremely well written, but it fails to express anything of import to those who look upon art as a medium through which the creator sets forth ideas rooted in the lives of the masses and universal in content. At best this music can only be classified as politely adequate, socially indifferent and ideologically chaotic; a true product of the ivory tower.

Mr. Weiss, who was speaking for Schoenberg as well as himself, explained that Schoenberg's theory is but an extension of the diatonic system and that almost every composition is based on a single motive which is developed to the point of its greatest possibilities. Like the technical theories of Dr. Toch, we have no quarrel with those of Mr. Weiss. It is with the results that we must differ in both cases. Mr. Weiss' piano sonata, played

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by Lydia Hoffman, is another example of the meaninglessness to which art can descend when it is divorced from its essential function, of reflecting through its various mediums the historical and sociological trends of the times.

J. L.

Other Programs

WITH the falling off of wealthy patrons, the String Quartets are making desperate efforts to survive. The London Quartet has already announced its intention to disband this year. The others are avidly appropriating radio jobs. The visiting European Quartets will also bid for their share of radio time and money. The "lucky" quartets will eventually become studio props. Apropos, Frank Bridge, the English composer, spoke over an N. B. C. hookup last week, pleading with the radio audience to show a greater interest in chamber music.

Meanwhile, recital forecasts for chamber music are normal. The season was ably inaugurated October 15 at Town Hall by the Roth Quartet of Budapest, with E. Robert Schmitz as pianist. This ensemble, which earned considerable gratitude last year for its recitals of contemporary music, offered a program of standard works on this occasion—the Mozart A Major Quartet (K. 464), one of an early group dedicated to Haydn; Brahms' first Quartet, Opus 51, No. 1, in C Minor; the Franck Quintet, at which the pianist Schmitz assisted.

The Mozart was played dryly, and the first two movements suffered from too prominent devotion to detail. The Brahms Quartet was handled with sympathy; except for some dry areas, it was excellently done. But in the Franck Quintet, the ensemble glowed; it vividly registered the passionate violence, the defiance, the blasphemy of this so-called "simple saint" and "bourgeois husband" who, in his old age was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his punctuality as Professor of the Organ at the Paris Conservatory.

This quartet plays new instruments, which are the amazing creations of a Parisian instrument maker.

MAX MARGULIS.

The Same Old Lubitsch

ERNST LUBITSCH is at once a Hollywood tycoon and a has-been. And the very fact that a has-been is still a tycoon is a tragic commentary on the status of the contemporary American cinema.

The American film in 1919-1923 was in a pretty bad way. While it was quite advanced technically, its cultural level was the horse-opera, Rudolf Valentino, or *Way Down East.* On the other hand Europe had to its credit *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1919), Lubitsch's *Du Barry* (1923), Fritz Lang's *Doctor Mabuse* (1922), and his Nibelungen Saga *Siegfried* (1923). Naturally realizing that they would have to capture the European market for financial success, the Hollywood producers began to import foreign directors. Lubitsch was the first of the important directors to come, and with his coming a new era was initiated in the American movie. He brought with him a keen sense of visual wit combined with the lavish spectacle in the Max Reinhardt manner. With these tools he was able to produce such films as *The Marriage Circle, Three Woman, Lady Windermere's Fan,* and *So This Is Paris.* If you remember these films at all you will recall that they were sly, sophisticated (something new for the American film of the period) flippant, lavish, and (always) superficial. And what was important for Hollywood, good box-office. When Lubitsch tried to be profound and serious he was sloppy, over-theatrical, and dull (*The Man I Killed* and *The Patriot*). He reached his peak in 1924 with an admirable satire on royalty and Hollywood called *Forbidden Paradise.* It was then that the *cinéasts* made a cult of him, and the Hollywood magnates honored him with the rank of Field General and built him an Ivory Tower. He crawled in and hasn't emerged. Once every season he produces the one Art movie and lets it go at that. He hasn't developed or grown. His castle, his insulation, and his contract keep him intact: the same in 1934 as he was in 1924. Even if we examine his latest opus, *The*

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Merry Widow (Astor) we find it is merely a combination of his best and worst qualities. There are moments that are so dull that they recall the *Student Prince*. Others are bad enough to be compared with his first American film, *Rosita* (with Mary Pickford). The early sections of *The Merry Widow,* dealing with the widow's castle and the royal castle, recall the vast halls, the massive columns, the sweeping draperies, the uniformed officers, of *Forbidden Paradise*. There are a few fleeting moments when some of the so-called Lubitsch wit will bring a smile. But that is all. *The Merry Widow* is Lubitsch; it is also Hollywood; it is the cream of the American bourgeois film. It is a charlotte russe.

It seems that Robert Forsythe has had to keep away from the screen in order to prevent insanity. His formula was "one Soviet picture to every six from Hollywood." However, I'm sure that if he and all other disgusted movie fans will drop into the Cameo next week and take in the new Soviet film *Three Songs About Lenin* (to be reviewed next week) they will be immune from Hollywood films for many many months. This new film is a masterpiece that no one can afford to miss.

PETER ELLIS.

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Between Ourselves

A REPORT on Joshua Kunitz's recent lecture tour may be of interest. He spoke in 11 cities, to audiences ranging from 75 to 600. His subjects were Soviet literature, and the growing revolutionary literature in this country. John Reed Clubs, Pen and Hammer, and the National Student League, cooperating with THE NEW MASSES Lecture Bureau, sponsored his trip. Each city paid a small fee for expenses, and was given a quota of NEW MASSES subscriptions to fill. To date we have a total of 202 new subscriptions as a result of the tour.

Kunitz, by the way, reports that the most frequent question at his meetings concerned John L. Spivak: "How does he do it?" We also have a curious little letter from a Washington newspaper man, Nathan S. Lincoln, raising the same question, but with a difference. Mr. Lincoln assures us that he has "no anti-Semitic feelings whatsoever," but: "I much fear that unless you make a full explanation of his method, many people, including myself, will have more than a presentiment that there is some widespread Jewish espionage system of the sort described in the 'Protocols,' which is furnishing your reporter with this extremely interesting information." Mr. Lincoln's inquiry seems a little less than ingenuous. But the secret will out. Mr. Lincoln, sir: Spivak got his stories, those published and those still to come, by virtue of the very potent fact that he is a good reporter.

On November 21, (a Wednesday evening) Spivak will be the principal speaker at a protest mass meeting against anti-Semitism at Webster Manor, 125 East 11th Street, and on Friday evening, November 9, he speaks at the Prospect Workers' Club, 1157 Southern Boulevard, The Bronx.

The Pittsburgh branch of the Friends of THE NEW MASSES announces a lecture Tuesday evening, November 6, by Harvey O'Connor, author of *Mellon's Millions*. O'Connor will discuss *Just Plain Larnin'*, by James M. Shields. The lecture, scheduled for 8:15, will be at 2200 Murray Avenue.

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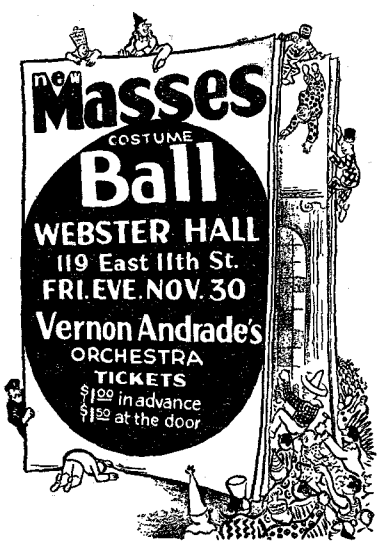

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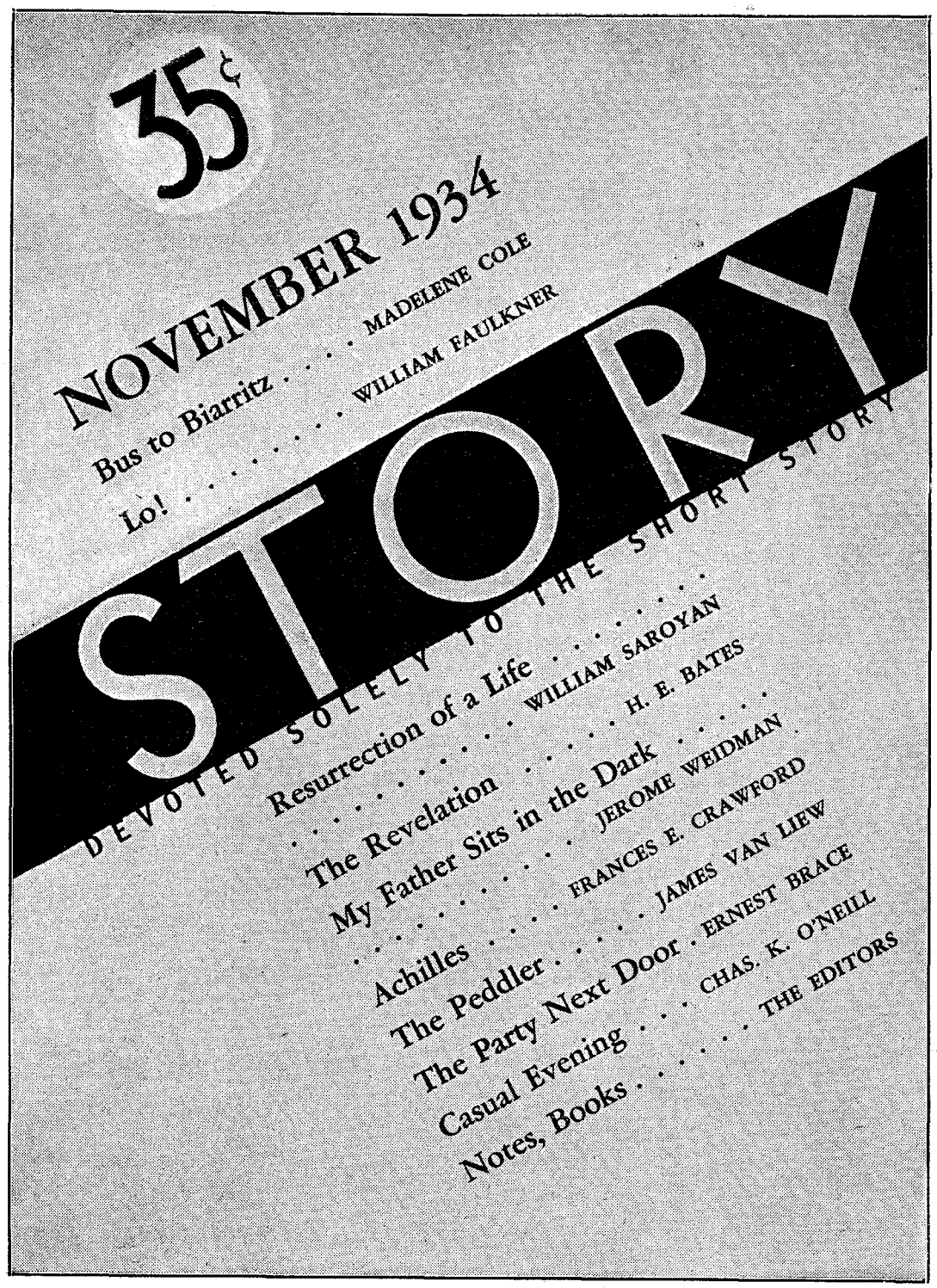
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